COLUMBIA LIBRARIES OFFSITE
AVERY FINE ARTS RESTRICTED
AR01395823

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

FORT NEW AMSTERDAM (NEW YORK), 1651.

When you leave, please leave this book
Because it has been said
"Ever'thing comes t' him who waits
Except a loaned book."

AVERY ARCHITECTURAL AND FINE ARTS LIBRARY
GIFT OF SEYMOUR B. DURST OLD YORK LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/midnightingreatc00myer

REV. CORTLAND MYERS.

MIDNIGHT IN A GREAT CITY

BY

CORTLAND MYERS

Pastor of the Brooklyn Temple

NEW YORK

MERRILL AND BAKER

PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1896,
by
CORTLAND MYERS.

THE MERSHON COMPANY PRESS,
RAHWAY, N. J.

I place the fruit of the brain in the right hand of her whose left hand holds the love of the heart.

"Take them, Love, the book and me together;
Where the heart lies let the brain be also."

—The Author.

PREFACE.

MANY days and many nights of many weeks were given by the author to the investigation of city darkness. Friends and missionaries and officials gave their needed and appreciated aid. The story was first told to thousands of listeners in the Brooklyn Temple. Other thousands crowded about the doors, unable to enter. Their cry and its accompanying sound from many parts of this land were heard and are answered by this book. No literary excellence is claimed, only a personal knowledge of the facts and a Calvary purpose to save the city. That these pages be not used for fuel, but their facts fire the souls of men, is the desire of

THE AUTHOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *Sept. 1, 1896.*

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Dark Tenements,	1
II.	The Murder of the Innocents,	14
III.	The Clouds above Rich Homes,	31
IV.	The Center of Iniquity,	53
V.	The Hospital Wards,	76
VI.	The Shadows from the Footlights,	94
VII.	The Fogs of Ignorance,	119
VIII.	The Blackness of Impurity,	137
IX.	The Smoke of Factories,	151
X.	The Gloom of the Prison Cell,	173
XI.	The Piece of Lava from the Volcano,	197
XII.	The American "Joss,"	217
XIII.	The Morning Breaketh,	239

MIDNIGHT IN A GREAT CITY.

CHAPTER I.

THE DARK TENEMENTS.

THE King of Day mounts his golden throne in the world's sky and swings his scepter of light and warmth above the dwellings of all men; but with all his mighty power, the selfishness of humanity is mightier in its rebellion, and forbids his dominion over a part of the world. His scepter can touch the lily of the field, and command the garments from his own royal wardrobe to be placed upon its form of beauty and robe it with more glory than that of Solomon in all the splendor of his royalty. With one of his thousand hands he paints the bloom upon the cheek

of the luscious fruit and pours the wine into the heart of the purple cluster; the emerald axminster is spread out upon the floor of earth's palace by his servant. It was his hand that dashed the mixture of color against the western sky and made the indescribable glory of a summer evening. It was the artist from his studio who sped down the skies with pallet in hand and arched the eastern heavens with the splendor of the rainbow, reflecting the beauty of the upper world. The silver robes of the Queen of Night are bought with his gold, and the starry worlds borrow at his treasury. Life and beauty for this planet are the sacrifice of his life. It is insanity and crime to shut out from his wonderful power the most precious life, and thus to banish joy, health, comfort, and heaven from the habitation of that part of the human family which, by virtue of poverty, lives in the tenements of the great cities.

In many of these homes the sun never shines; in most of them it rarely ever enters. Flowers wither and die in a cellar; human flowers must pass that same sad way. The violet in the fence corner wears a purple robe, and is more royal in the sight of our present civilization than that

which was made in the image and likeness of God.

> "When wilt thou save the people,
> O God of mercy, when?
> The people, Lord, the people,
> Not thrones and crowns, but men.
> Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;
> Let them not pass like weeds away,
> Their heritage a sunless day,
> God save the people!"

That prayer must reach the throne before the march of civilization and the triumph of the Kingdom of God.

The superstructure totters because of the crumbling foundation stones in the rotten tenements at the bottom of society.

Ordinary tenement houses contain five stories and a basement; four families usually occupy one floor. The halls are extremely narrow, and nearly all of them are dark even in the brightest day. The visitor is obliged to move with hands extended and feel his way, while in constant dread of a collision with wood or humanity. In some of the hallways there is no method of securing air or light except where a faint glimmer comes from a narrow skylight or a transom.

In the older houses the sink is found in the hall, and all the families must draw and pour water in the same place, where the filth and menace to health are beyond description. In these older tenements there are attic rooms; cold in winter and sweltering in summer—rented usually to old and friendless people at the enormous rent of five dollars per month for a single little room. In all these tenements the families usually occupy two or three small rooms, paying from eight to twelve dollars per month; and dispossessment hangs, like a thunder cloud lurid with lightning, above their heads. If they are without food, the rent must be paid. If they are without clothes, the rent must first be provided. The most attractive thing to be said about heaven, for them, is that there will be no rent collected there.

The sight which they dread most, and which composes one of the saddest pictures on earth, is that of their few articles of furniture on the street in front of the tenement. From one tenement in this city twenty-eight families were evicted in one winter's day; some of their poor furniture was thrown from the fifth-story window. I saw a picture which made my heart ache. A mother sat in the center of the worn

household articles, a baby on her bosom and three other children at her knee; and the winds of a cold world sported with their rags and mocked their shivering.

There are about 40,000 tenements in New York city alone, housing nearly 200,000 children under five years of age. As many as 100 of these children have been found in a single small tenement. The most crowded place on this entire planet is in New York city. The average population per square mile in this district is more than 250,000, while the most thickly populated district of Old London has only 175,000.

There are 100,000 people living in rear tenements. You pass through a hole in the wall and along a narrow, dark alley until you emerge into a small court of but a few feet square, and there find yourself completely surrounded by five, six, or seven stories of tumble-down buildings, just swarming with humanity and foul with dirt, disease, and death. Here the mortality is astounding—at least one-third greater than even in the lowest part of London. A great physician has recently said, if we could see the air breathed in these places by their occupants, it would show itself to be more fetid than

the mud of the gutters. Oh, what a pitiful mockery to call such places home! The devil planned them and his agents built them, and God's sunlight never shines in them. In the winter they do not furnish a barrier to the cold, and in the summer heat they are positively unbearable. The tired people find their beds on stone walks and roofs, in alleys and foul courts and empty wagons. The sun never shines in three-quarters of the bedrooms in New York city. Many of these rookeries are ratholes and homes for vermin. Cockroaches may delight in them, but no one made in God's image can long endure them. The death rate is just in proportion to this kind of tenements; and from these doorways is constantly swinging the soiled white crape to tell of another death at the hands of the murderer Selfishness.

I have climbed five stories like a steam craft in a fog, feeling my way through the dark hall of a back-yard tenement, and entered a space eight feet by twelve, with a dark closet in the rear and a little light and no sun in the front, and found a father and mother with six children. This was their home. What a lie given to the sweet name, and what a disgrace to our civiliza-

tion! No carpet, no paper, scarcely any plastering, a few pieces of old and broken furniture, one small bed for eight, poverty written everywhere, and starvation stamped upon every countenance. This sad scene was not made by themselves, but by sickness and misfortune. Could human eye witness it without a tear? Could human heart think upon it without a protest? Could Christian civilization continue to endure it? The spring of their tears may be unnoticed, but it may cause a stream which will make a disastrous flood when the levees of another Mississippi break.

I came down from that garret to the cellar, and partially under ground, where a ray of sunlight never found its way, in a space of only a few feet square, as damp as the river's bank in a foggy night, I stood to comfort a blind man and his wife, both Christian people, without a friend on earth. They had come, by misfortune, from one of the largest homes in New York State down to one of the foulest cellars in the world. In that alley they had lived fifteen years, and been forced from the best room, by their increasing poverty, down to the cellar. She was sick and he was blind, but in their

struggle they were paying their five dollars a month rent and starving when they could not earn more.

In the center of all unworthiness there are thousands of the world's worthy poor suffering and dying. Through these tenements stalks poverty doing its deadly work, and crime carrying ruin to hundreds, and disease giving death to thousands. The penalty of injustice must reach the entire city by countless channels. It moves into the very homes of the rich. If the washerwoman carries clothes into the back-yard tenement, she wraps disease into her bundle when it returns. The connection between one part of society and the other has never been severed and never can be. In it is greatest peril, and as the tenement-house population and tenement-house evil increase, the peril grows in precisely the same ratio.

A certain duke who recently married an American heiress has made the announcement that the immense cost of the extensive improvements that have been made on his castle has been paid out of his own pocket. I make the announcement that, unless the hands of the rich go down into their pockets for the improvement of

the dwellings of the poor, the castles of the rich must crumble. In a New York paper recently I read the account of one of the richest American girls spending her millions; some of it for dogs, some of it for horses, some of it for carriages, some of it for four or five different palaces, and nearly all of it was thrown upon the altar of the heathen god Self. In that same paper I read the account of 175 cases of eviction on the coldest winter day with the thermometer at zero—and this in one single court of the city. Mothers with starving and crying children were pleading for mercy, not knowing where to lay their heads, while one of their sisters did not know how to lay her head in so many palaces at once. Above the courts of earth and above the tenements and above the palace stands the judgment throne of God.

Dives and Lazarus are together again. Lazarus lies in the cheerless tenements, full of sores and hungry. What is the only salvation for Dives?

In a rear tenement I talked with an old lady, intelligent and Christian. Her husband was crippled and able to work only a part of the time. They paid their rent and lived on tea, with

crackers or bread. For many years that had been their food, and sometimes they could not get even that. She had just been given a piece of cake, but was unable to eat it, because she was unaccustomed to it and her digestion would not bear it. I thought of Vanderbilt, who is highly pleased when he can take a bit of graham cracker and a sip of malted milk without suffering the agonies of dyspepsia. The old lady had found her highest happiness that day because they had expected to be thrown into the street, but they had gathered together the last farthing of the month's rent and it was in the landlord's hand; the hand that takes oftentimes from fifteen to thirty per cent. interest on his tenement-house investment. A church corporation and a private individual alike find here the best place to draw with greedy clutch the proceeds from their money, and that money is oftentimes crimson with human blood.

I recognize the responsibility which rests upon many of the tenants themselves, for their sad circumstances. My eyes are not blind to the existence of the largest number of saloons in these very districts. I have heard the blasphemy and impurity from the lips of drunken men and

women sounding through alley and court, hall and room of the tenement house, but with all this knowledge I have other knowledge which makes my heart sad and to overflow with purest sympathy. In the back-yard tenement, in a garret room, with a bed that occupied nearly half the space, with one narrow window which the sun never touched, with not a thread of carpet, without wall paper, with scarcely any plaster, with a small broken stove, with one or two crippled chairs, with only an old mattress on the bed, with no sheets or covering except a tattered overcoat, here lay a Christian man, dying of consumption. For two years he had waited for death. In that same room, night and day, lived his wife and three children. She earned and paid the rent by scrubbing saloons at night. They were worthy of some of earth's best, but they received the very poorest. It was not the pay of the earth—it came through the commerce of hell.

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of destroying this tenement-house disgrace and evil is ignorance. Let the light of day shine in upon this and every other evil that prefers darkness to daylight. The agents and owners must have

human eyes fastened upon them before their selfishness can be checked. Boards of health have done something, but they must do vastly more. The officials must be backed up by public sentiment, and be made to stamp out these diseased and crime-breeding places. The Gospel of the Son of God must have more power over the wealth of the city. The money of New York is made downtown, but is enjoyed and squandered by the aristocrats uptown.

There must be more study given to this problem by philanthropists and social scientists. We must come to understand the folly of attempting to save men and women who live in darkness and dampness and foulness and are herded together like animals. The physical man bears a vital relation to the moral man. We must have the courage to keep the churches and the schools in the needy sections. They must not continue to move out and the saloons to move in. The law must demand better buildings, and the greed of the landlords be checked. Men must be made to see their relation to their fellow-man, and also the possibility of good returns from good houses. All good men and women should cooperate for the destruction of this abomination

and the alleviation of the suffering of this large part of humanity. Social regeneration depends in a great measure upon the banishment of this darkness and the entrance of the light of Christian civilization.

The Earl of Shaftesbury,

> " That friend of all the friendless 'neath the sun,
> Whose hand had wiped away a thousand tears ;
> Whose eloquent lips and clear, strong brain had done
> God's holy service through his fourscore years,"

when near his end, with tears of love upon his cheeks, and with the spirit of the Christ in his heart, said, " When I feel how old I am, and know that I must soon die, I hope it is not wrong, but I feel I cannot bear to go and leave the world with all the misery in it." If the spirit of the noble earl, that friend of the poor,—which was the spirit of Christ, that other friend of the poor,—should rule in every heart, how quickly the miserable tenements would be swept from the face of the earth !

Oh, how the Saviour of men must rejoice in his work of making the mansions in heaven when he sees these homes of earth!

CHAPTER II.

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

THE home is the most important factor in human society, and the cradle is the most important factor in the home. Its rocking sets in motion the entire social world. It stands at the center of power, even in the Kingdom of God. "The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world," simply because of the recognition of the throne in the manger. Our knowledge has not yet taught us the value of the algebraic quantity of childhood in the unsolved problems of human society neither our scientific nor philosophic education has yet taught the necessity of going back to the source, if we would purify the stream. We must recognize the royalty there is in the cradle if we would have citizen kings and reveal the value of a republican form of government. Suffer the children, if you would ever establish the Kingdom of God upon earth. Suf-

fer the children, if you would ever glory in a republic. Suffer the children, if you would ever have a better city and a better nation and a better world. Suffer them to come out of their wretched tenement homes. Suffer them to break their shackles and be free. Suffer them to breathe pure air and carry pure blood. Suffer the little innocents to escape the foul murderer's hand. The "murder of the innocents" is effected by the poison of heredity and environment and toil and neglect. There are literally thousands and hundreds of thousands of children butchered in the slaughtering pens of the modern social world. It is enough to make all hell resound with laughter, when we stand in the very center of such a tremendous evil, and in our inhumanity say, "We are civilized." The lower world must echo with infernal applause when, in our stupidity and carelessness and ignorance and barbarism, we say, "We are Christian."

> "And while we range with science, glorying in the time,
> City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime."

I have seen enough to bring tears from a heart of stone, in the alleys and in the back-yard

courts; in the narrow, contracted, filthy, wretched tenement hovels where the god of gold was worshiped and the dearest life was poured out on the altars of heathen sacrifices, and the God of Heaven was absolutely forgotten. The unworthiness of many of the fathers and mothers in these tenement homes may give rise to just condemnation, but this does not affect the innocent children. O God, have mercy on them! Whatever be said about their parents, Heaven pity the hundreds and thousands of innocents murdered in our great cities! The law of heredity is the saddest law stamped upon this universe. But the larger part of that sadness is impressed indelibly upon the neglected and outcast children of the crowded city. If there was coursing through their veins other blood than that which is coursing through them at this hour, their world might be vastly different and their eternity a heaven.

I have stood in the dingy, dirty tenement house with a single room as a home, with one narrow window looking out upon a back-yard court; this the home of eight or ten people—father, mother, and children; and I have looked over into the cradle, about the only piece of fur-

niture in the room, and have seen a six-months'-old baby weighing only two pounds, and as I looked into its pinched and drawn little face and form, and saw its bird-claw fingers, so small that I could not detect the nails, I said to its mother, "Is it ill?" "No, not that I know of." Then I said to myself, "No, not ill, but starving; literally starving and neglected, besides being born into a world of suffering and disease." I looked across the room and saw the mother, crippled and hobbling on two crutches, haggard and worn, and literally her life being poured out on that same altar of sacrifice. I said to myself, "No wonder, born of such ancestry and living in such surroundings, that the little pinched form has only six months to live upon earth, and shall then be hurled out of existence almost like an atom of dust."

I have been in a narrow, contracted, back-yard tenement, in a room fifteen by twelve feet, where lived father and mother and several children. I have there seen three or four children as bright-faced as I ever saw in my life, even though they had dirty faces. As I saw the curly-headed boys and girls together, I looked over to the other corner of the room, and there the

father was slowly passing out of this world, lying in wretchedness and misery. The mother's blood was saturated with the results of a life of sin, and I said, as I turned toward heaven, "O God, if the world does not pity, do not forget these dear children!"

In that kind of a home, with that kind of blood coursing through their veins, what must be the result? For weeks and months never out of that low and narrow prison, and breathing that tainted atmosphere and carrying that foulest blood, what must be the result? If the blood which is coursing through the veins of tens of thousands of the little ones of these cities could be seen, what would be its condition? It would be as infectious as that stream which the sewers carry. Born in innocence, yet born to disease and death. What a heritage!

A Philadelphia surgeon recently had a curious experience. A lady brought her child to his office and asked him if he could get an orange seed out of the child's throat. He found that the seed had lodged in the windpipe and could not be reached. He thought that it would come out naturally, and, as it would cause no inconvenience, would do no harm to remain a day or

two. Some time afterward he was called to see the child, who was found to be suffocating. Tracheotomy alone could save the child's life. An incision was made in the windpipe, and the orange seed was found imbedded in a mass of white pulp. When the seed was examined, it was found that the heat of the child's body had caused it to burst and sprout, and an orange tree was growing in the child's throat. So the seed of a drunkard's habit is planted in the throat of the child, and the deadly upas tree sprouts and grows until the victim is strangled to death. The Juke family in seventy-five years had twelve hundred descendants, the large majority of whom were idiots, imbeciles, maniacs, drunkards, paupers, prostitutes, and criminals. Fifty-eight out of every hundred of the Juke women were vicious. In seventy-five years the actual cost of this family to the government was $1,250,000. Such is the power of heredity.

"Life's mystery is this: what parents do
Is mirrored in their children; changeless laws
Proclaim that neither intercession, prayer,
Nor yet repentance, can atone for deeds
By parents done, transgression of the flesh.
'Tis sins like these will cheat mankind of half
His heritage; take from his nerves the steel,
His bones the marrow, rob his brain of strength."

I have looked over into the cradle at the little face of a beautiful child, and I turned back with the sighing of a sad heart and said, "born intoxicated," because I saw the demon drink clutching maternity by the throat and killing it, while the helpless babe was moaning and groaning out its short life.

A murderer who was hanged recently in this country, the day before his execution said, "I am dreadfully sorry for my position and my crime, but am I to blame? When I was less than four years old my mother poured whisky down my throat, just to see how I would act. Am I to blame?"

Suppose, my reader, you had been born in New York city, in a back-yard tenement, seven stories from the ground in a single room, where the sun never shines; without any bedding, with only a broken table and stove and stool in the room. Born into such a world as that, where would you be? Heaven only knows. The pathway from that garret hovel leads directly to the jail and the dens of vice. Where would you be? A certain missionary in New York tells us he discovered four families living in a single large room, one in each corner, and they got

along very well until one family took in a boarder and made trouble. Suppose children were born into such a home as that, what must inevitably be the result? Kicked and snubbed and pushed down and starved, they would be forced out to a life of sin and crime. That little form came into the world with all its tenderness and beauty. How vast the contrast now, with its hands pinched and body withered and starving; the eyes either bulging from their sockets, or falling back into them; a life eaten up with filth and fever. To be born into such a world is almost always death, or disease, or crime.

In New York city out of a single tenement house of 470 tenants, in four years there were 125 arrests. There are 75,000 or 100,000 children in New York city alone, worse than homeless, and godless and friendless. Out of that 100,000 children come seventy-five per cent. of the criminals of New York city. They are educated in crime, educated in vice, and literally compelled to lead a vicious life. There were in New York city alone in a score of years 25,000 little babes abandoned on the streets—nearly 1300 a year deserted on the streets—wrapped in rags or newspapers. The great Foundling Hos-

pital was started with a crib in front of its doors, but now it has been taken into the hall, because it was always filled on the outside. Maternity—that most sacred thing in all the human family—maternity is smothered by the tenement-house life and by poverty.

The infinitely most fiendish method of child-murder is the pretense of adoption, which is the taking of children and literally starving them to death for a small amount of cold cash. It is called the farming process. And the diabolical business is progressing just the same as if it were within the borders of hell itself. Insurance upon the lives of little children has been compelled to receive a check from the insurance companies themselves. Was there ever such a statement made to tell us of the barbarism of human society as that?

This "murder of the innocents" is making still further progress by virtue of early toil. Hundreds and thousands are in the homes, factories, and sweat shops, some of them as young as four years of age, sewing buttons on garments for a small pittance, to help save the rest of the family from starvation. These little innocents, with their worn, haggard, and old faces, that

ought to be beaming with smiles because privileged to play, are bound down to toil from morning until night—veritable white slaves. Hundreds and thousands of little fingers work over tobacco leaves; stripping tobacco and making it ready for gentlemen's lips. They do this in the very center of the dirtiest and filthiest places on earth; tobacco on the floor, tobacco everywhere, gathering into itself the germs of disease and filth which make it anything but sweet and anything but healthful. The very disease that may take you out of this world may be the direct result of the tenement-house life and the unjust burdens of childhood. The slavery has not all been banished from American soil while children are under the lash.

A girl of less than fifteen years and very small for her age appeared before the authorities, just recently, and asked them to please take care of her brother Willie, ten years of age. "Why, what is the matter with him?" "Mother is dead, and I have ten brothers and sisters, and they are all younger than I am. Father goes away before daylight in the morning and gets back very late at night. I have to take care of the children. I am getting along very well with

all the children except Willie; he is such a bother." Poor little housewife; poor little creature! Into the streets of a dreary world a little girl comes out of a home where father is in bed sick, and mother is sick, and eight children to be supported, and one of these children earning two dollars a week. She begs—she is forced to beg; she is arrested for begging. The walls of the courtroom echo with her sobs; the cold world rolls on like an iceberg. Oh, how those suffering children are borne down by the fearful burden of early toil until they are carried out of a single-room tenement in a box, and then carried out into the Potter's Field! Many of these poor parents have the tenderest feeling toward those who are their flesh and bone; they love them, and it is the saddest part of life, and makes life unbearable, when the children suffer and cry, the response from the parents is always, "Not for myself, but for the dear little ones."

The hundreds of toiling newsboys are driven out and kicked about on the streets of the city. They are pushed out of these tenement homes to shift for themselves, when they ought to be sleeping in quiet and respectable homes in a bed,

where they could get proper rest, and in the morning rise refreshed for school and receive their education. Instead of this they are sleeping in wagons, sleeping in cellars, and sleeping anywhere they may, in a poorer place than a large part of the animal world; and sleeping in these ragged forms are some of the greatest possibilities of humankind. I stood at the end of the Bridge in New York city some time ago and wanted a New York *Times* A little fellow came up to me and said, "Can I sell you a paper, sir?" His feet were bare and he scarcely had enough upon him for cover, and nothing to keep the cold out. He said he did not have the *Times*, but he would get it for me. I gave him a quarter of a dollar. A friend said, "You will never see that quarter again." I said, "I will see that again. That little fellow has an honest stamp in his face; I am going to wait until he comes. He will surely be back." I had hardly finished the sentence when he came rushing up with the paper and handed me all my change out of a cleaner hand than many a one in Wall Street or on the Stock Exchange.

The day before Christmas I stood on the principal street of Brooklyn, where people were

pouring by, possessed of all that this world could give. In the midst of all this throng I saw one of these outcast boys, thinly clad and shivering in the cold. I saw him go up to a barrel and pull out the chief bone of somebody's gobbler, and lick it with more relish than a hungry dog ever ate a bone. I said, "Heaven have mercy on the boy who has taken the last remnants of that which has given dyspepsia to a whole family, and thus gets his Christmas dinner from the garbage barrel." And then I saw, coming up the same street, female butterflies with dogs fastened to a chain, and male grasshoppers with dogs fastened to a cane, absolutely regardless of the great needs that existed right at their very sides, when someone made in the image and likeness of the same God was taking his food from the refuse of a selfish world.

These burdened, down-trodden children of heredity, environment, and toil are also turned from the fountains of success by virtue of neglect—neglected in the alleys, neglected in the streets, neglected everywhere. When one of the newsboys at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance tumbled down in a fit, a policeman picked him up and carried him to the waiting room and tele-

phoned for an ambulance. Before the ambulance came he was out again at his toil. Someone asked a woman, who was selling papers, who that little fellow was. She said, "It was little Maher." "And does no one care for him?" said he. "Nobody cares for him, sir, nobody but God; and he is too busy with other people to pay much attention to him." This is just the situation of hundreds and thousands entirely neglected by the world; the only attention paid them is that which comes from heaven.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York city has taken up already in its history 150,000 of these cases, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Brooklyn has in the last sixteen years taken 16,000 of these cases out of the streets. I have seen in that society's office a long line of implements used by drunken parents, by brutal parents, by inhuman parents, by guardians, and by people who have no relation to the children at all, to destroy child-life. I have seen the club and the ax and the kettles and the stones and all sorts of barbarous means, as inhuman and as brutal as anything that has ever been used in Central Africa.

I have seen records of where they have beaten the children, crippled their little forms for life,—and in some instances have taken their lives,—and much of such treatment remains unhindered in the center of our civilization. In this city of Brooklyn there is not one single room, ten feet square, where a boy under twelve years of age found in the streets can be placed, except in Raymond Street jail. They are there now for no crime, mingling with criminals, being educated to become chief criminals themselves. Every outcast boy picked up in the streets is placed in jail. We need to rise up with all the power that God has given us to demand better provisions and demand more of the spirit of the sacrificial Gospel of the Son of God to take possession of the world, and this "murder of the innocents" be made to cease. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes! His blood is crying out from the ground against me. I am his keeper.

Thomas Hovenden, the great American artist, while standing at a railway station, saw an engine dashing into the station. He saw, just in front of the iron horse, some mother's darling little child, and instantly, without a moment's

hesitation, he dropped his satchel and sprang in front of the engine. He snatched the little darling in his arms, only to be crushed and ground beneath the wheels of the conscienceless monster. Thomas Hovenden never made a more wonderful picture in his life. His paintings were seen at the World's Fair. This one will be admired in heaven—a picture worthy to hang in the palace of God: magnificent heroism, God-like self-abandon, to save a child! The old iron horse of selfishness comes down the tracks of our civilization, and behind it roll the cars of carelessness and oppression and ignorance and inhumanity at a terrific rate of speed. Children by the thousand are on the track. God give us heroism to do our best for their rescue and their salvation! One of the first things the Christ would do, if He came down to these cities now, would be to take the poorest children from the tenements in His arms and bless them, and to our civilization He would say, "Forbid them not, forbid them not; suffer the children to come unto Me."

A father's little child came to his side one morning and she said, "Papa, I want to tell God something, but my little voice cannot reach as

far as the heavens. You have a big man's voice, and I want you to talk with Him; He will be sure to hear you; He will hear a man." And the father took the little loved one in his arms and said, "If God were in the heavens and all the angels were round about the throne, and they were making the sweetest music with their harps and their voices that heaven ever heard, God would say, 'Stop the music, stop the music, stop it now; because there is a wee little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear.'" Almighty God would do that for every waif on the street or child in the slums.

CHAPTER III.

THE CLOUDS ABOVE RICH HOMES.

In a lone room of a rear tenement, in the garret or in the cellar, live hundreds and thousands of families in a single city of this country in perpetual nightmare over the fear of not being able to pay the exorbitant rents for their cattle pens. They live in constant dread of Shylock's knife, while William Waldorf Astor would have to pay $178,000 a year had the income tax become a law; and John D. Rockefeller $152,000; and Russell Sage, $90,000; and Jay Gould's estate, $80,000; and Cornelius Vanderbilt, $80,000; and William H. Vanderbilt, $75,000; and Henry W. Flagler, $60,000; and William Rockefeller, $60,000; and John Jacob Astor, $50,000; and Moses Taylor, $50,000; and Hetty Green, $30,000. May Heaven pity their extreme poverty, and Heaven be praised for the decision of the courts in their favor! When there are hun-

dreds of thousands in these twin cities on the verge of that fearful precipice of starvation, there are just a few of their fellow men who hold in their grasp millions and millions of dollars of annual income. The rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer, and in that solemn fact is one of the greatest perils to the American people. Some day there will be a tremendous uprising, and justice will lead on this poverty-stricken mob to victory. There seems to be something radically wrong with a civilization which permits in a single city such astounding extremes in society.

If riches are gotten honestly and used unselfishly, the very dew of heaven falls upon them. But if they come from the mint of dishonesty and oppression and are held selfishly, they have passed through the fires of hell, and their blood-red heat is burning all the sweetness out of their owner's life as well as that of countless others.

In the clouds above the homes of the rich are the fires of discontent and dissatisfaction. I have seen those tongues rise up along the lace curtains and draperies and lick them as a hungry wolf would lick a drop of blood. I have seen

those flames creep across the axminster and velvet, scorching them and taking off the last remnant of beauty from the palace floor. I have seen those fires of discontent and dissatisfaction burn with a greater blaze in the mansion than I ever saw them in the hovel. I was in the home of a rich woman recently, who said to me, "Oh, life is getting to be absolutely unbearable!" With everything that heart could wish, in a palace, what could be absolutely unbearable? She said, "Life is a torment from night until morning. These servants take all the comfort and peace out of my life, and take all the patience out of my heart. It is a constant rapping at the door, and a constant answering of questions. First the coachman is in trouble, then the parlor-maid is in trouble, then the cook is in trouble, then the upstairs girl is in trouble, and then they are all in trouble, each one quarreling with the other; and so it goes from the time I get up in the morning until I retire at night, which makes life far from pleasant here. Oh, those miserable servants!" What a comfort for the woman who sweeps her own small house and washes her own dishes and her own children!

I rode up one of the richest streets in the

world with one of the old residents, and it was a lesson most impressive. He was acquainted with almost every residence on either side of that street, and he described the house and the members of the family, and the condition within many of those four walls. It was startling and astonishing to hear of a skeleton, not only in every closet but in every room of every house along that entire street where riches were counted by the millions. In this house was the breaking up of family relations, and a divorce had taken place; and in this house death had taken one member after another; and in this house dyspepsia had done its work; and in that house other diseases had done their work. Here lived an old paralytic, a man of rich possessions. Where could he enjoy his wealth—now upon a bed, an invalid? The catalogue was something beyond description. There was scarcely an exception, along the entire street, to that same sad story of dissatisfaction with life and discontent here upon earth. Content and rest are never carried in the largest purse in the world. Dissatisfaction and discontent are burning with fearful heat in many a palace.

I care not how elegantly the house may be

furnished, nor how artistically it may be constructed, nor how rich may be all the draperies and the chairs and the rugs, nor how costly may be the garments in the wardrobe; dissatisfaction and discontent reign supreme in many of the richest homes of this land.

The railroad train moved at a rapid rate of speed, and I looked out of the window and admired the beauty of the country as we passed through. The waters of the river rolled on toward the sea. The hills rolled on toward the horizon. The trees were decked with the white crystals of the snow. The fields were all covered with those same white robes, which made a scene beyond any power of the artist's brush to paint or an orator's word to describe. I was admiring the beauty that God had seen fit in the winter time to place upon the world for human vision, when suddenly "Castoria" broke in to mar the scenery. "Hood's Sarsaparilla" loomed up in the distance. In the richest home of earth there will be something to come and destroy its beauty.

When Alexander III. of Russia met the children of Prince Bismarck, history tells us that, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, he said:

"You go back to your beautiful home in Germany, and I go back to my prison in Russia." When one of his ministers bade him good-by, Alexander III., with all the wealth of the world in his hands and servants without number beneath his scepter, said with tears again, "If I could only get out of this palace, this dungeon; I wish I might go down into the country and breathe the air and see what the peasant people see." All that which strikes a man's life can strike in a palace as well as the hovel. When the Czar's wife the other day lost her baby boy by death, her heart was bursting out of its prison bars. And she in her heart-sobs declared that she had, in her prison life, at least the privilege of a peasant woman after all, when the Czar forbade her going to the cemetery with her own baby boy. In the carriage she held the little casket. That which strikes the life, and takes out of it satisfaction and beauty, strikes with a harder blow, oftentimes, the richest home on earth than it does the hovel. The thunderbolt of selfishness falls upon the rich homes. I have seen soul-life gradually becoming more and more shriveled, as a pea becomes shriveled in the autumn days in the dryness of its pod, and the

miserly expression taking possession of every feature and move of the human form; and that is one of the saddest statements that can be made about the rich home. It is a veritable conservatory of selfishness.

I told an extremely rich man of two women, both having consumption and unable to earn their own living, in the third story in a single room, and shivering under the winds of the winter for want of coal; becoming more pale and emaciated for the want of food—that his blood coursed through their veins, and they were his cousins. I plead that out of his millions he would give them some little relief in these poverty-stricken circumstances. He replied to me that he did not recognize such cousins. He turned around from that reply and gave to a university. The blind, flattering world says "generosity"; but Heaven says, "Thou in thy lifetime hadst thy good things; not a drop of water now for a parched tongue." If that is what millions do for a man's soul, then it is the greatest curse that ever came into mortal life.

Robespierre, that bloodthirsty Frenchman, who cut the heads from other men, with apparent delight listened to a lady who plead,

as hot tears scalded her cheeks, that he would save the life of her husband. He sternly refused, and said he must have his blood. As she passed out with a broken heart she happened to touch her foot against a dog which was there,—a member of his own family and one of his own kind,—and as the dog howled he turned around and, pushing her through the door, said, "Woman, have you no humanity?" Robespierre was not the only man with just as little sense of what humanity meant as that. It has again and again occurred, in these great cities of ours, that the blood of the dog is more precious than that of humankind.

What oppression is it when the "coal combine" increases the price of coal in order to put up more draperies in rich homes in New York City, and in order to increase their millions by the increase of a few cents a ton for coal, and then gain some more millions by another increase, while in the tenement children are shivering, and fathers and mothers are suffering for want of a few pounds of coal; and when, by virtue of their poverty, they are compelled to pay already ten dollars a ton for that which they receive because they buy it by the quart. Out of

those tenements and hovels has been taken this very hour the last ounce of coal by Wall Street millionaires who ought to be sent to Sing Sing.

May God's throne bring justice speedily for the bloodthirstiness of men who, with millions and uncounted millions in their possession, are placing the knife at the throat of millions of their fellow-men. Basest hell-born injustice! Barbarism deeper-dyed than ever was found on Cannibal Islands!

Out of the black clouds above rich homes comes the storm of unhappiness and insecurity of connubial relations. There you find one of the chief evils in our present day at the very height of its power. In a single paper, on a single page, we can read in one of the richest families of this country two divorce cases, black with scandal which the millions cannot cover up. That which is the very foundation-stone of our security, that upon which the whole superstructure of our modern society must rest for its safety, is crumbling in the highest circles of society. There has been a proposition made by some of these women, and an effort made to have it established by law, that when a marriage ceremony is performed, instead of "until death

do us part," it shall read, "until love and self-respect disappear." That is the ideal of some of the "richest" in this world.

I walked from the lowest place on the Bowery on the same night up to one of the palace bar-rooms of this world. I went from one extreme to the other, in order to see the evil at both ends of the line. In that barroom there gathered at that midnight hour men dressed the finest, with largest diamonds, coming from the richest homes of New York City, drinking and carousing together. I said, "As black is the iniquity as that in the lowest downtown dive; and just as far-reaching in its fearful results." The wives were somewhere else, or at home, mourning over a life in which they had been foolish enough to imprison themselves, and mourning the want of love and respect which all the wealth in their possession could not furnish them; waiting in sorrow for relief of easy divorce. The news from the Old World tells of some American heiress who has married a prince, and that debauchee, who has been too bad and dissipated to enter a respectable home, has taken her across the water and determined to himself that he would take out of her all of her American in-

dependence; and she has found herself over there in misery and anxious to get rid of her prince. That wretchedness prevails from the time that the bridal veil is worn in these cities of ours until the divorce law does its work.

I have been in the clubrooms of the city, and I said as I entered, "These are like the palace of Circe, built of beautiful marble, snow-white with its purity and wonderful, unexplained mystery of beauty, standing in the world, attracting humankind"; in those very centers of attraction stood the finest works of art; there were the most expensive pieces of literary work; there were the thousand-candled chandeliers; there was the richest plate; and the flowers were blossoming and giving their fragrance lavishly; there were lovely forms moving through the corridors and across the parlors; there was wonderful and almost entrancing music heard from the mystic recess where orchestras and singers were gathered; and all of a sudden the queen of the palace, Circe, came out and passed through the halls and through the reception rooms and the parlors, and swung her wand, and men fell down like swine on the floor and wallowed in their sties. Like the palace of Circe

are many of the clubrooms in these cities of ours—men are simply brought from that which is high and noble to the very position of the animal world, to the destruction of all sacredness and sweetness in life and home.

Said one woman to another, in her agonies, "Here it is getting near midnight, and I have been waiting two hours for my husband." "That is nothing," said the other, "I have been waiting twenty-five years for a husband." But she might wait one hundred and twenty-five years or an eternity for a husband rather than have the one which the other woman possessed. There can be no happiness or home life where the marriage relation is held with so little sacredness as it is in the larger part of the rich homes of the city. For some young women every year is a leap year, and they leap too quickly. They leap in the dark, they leap for the prize of wealth, but in the endeavor to reach it they fall down over the precipice and down the mountain side, striking in the chasm, bleeding and mangled and broken-hearted. Many a young woman in the richest homes of these cities has been guilty of that crime of suicide by thrusting the knife of false love into her heart.

The ruination of children composes a part of the blackening of these clouds. How many elements are there to make children weaker morally, mentally, and physically? They stand in the greatest danger of almost any class of children on the face of the earth. They are weakened by those very forces which move through the homes of the rich. How does luxury affect the man or woman's soul? How does luxury affect the body? How does luxury affect the mind? Did you ever know the life which had been spent in eating too luxuriously, and eating too much, and eating too often, to amount to anything in this world? Did you ever know success to follow the life which had been tied with ribbons into a mummy-like form, and donned the cast-off clothing of the ostrich and peacock, or of other vain birds of the world, and been pressed out of shape by the jaws of a whalebone, or of anything else that is in the world of fashion? I say, "Heaven pity the boy or the girl who lives in the home of fashion, the home of luxury, and the home of idleness, because that is the home of ruin."

They are growing up into manhood and womanhood with weakened, emaciated, round-

shouldered, consumptive, and dyspeptic bodies; with brains which have never been allowed to enlarge or increase in power, and souls withered and shriveled and blasted. In the time of storm our sympathy reaches out to those on the deep waters and the high seas, but there has been a greater storm rolling over New York city and Brooklyn than ever tossed the old Atlantic. More men and women are wrecked in these cities than on the seas. All the music is gone when the singer is wrecked on the high C's, but I would rather have the sweet voice wrecked forever than to have the music of life gone when an immortal soul, and that body made in the image and likeness of God, and that mind which has the power to reach out into the very eternities itself, are wrecked on the high seas of society.

A father who lives in one of the richest homes I have ever entered and in which I enjoyed to be, because of his humble Christian character, and of his intellectual and conversational powers, said in my presence and with tears in his eyes, as he talked to me concerning his boy grown up into manhood (his highest ambition to carry a cord-wood stick for a cane, and a single eye-

glass for spectacles, wearing the best clothes that he could put on his back, his brain softening and his heart hardening), "I saw the time when I had less, when I lived in two rooms and my wife did her own work. Then I had the highest happiness of my life. In that hour I might have saved my boy, but he is beyond my reach now."

Into my home came a young man dressed in the best the tailor could furnish. He sobbed like a child as he told me about his home and his parents, and said that they had driven him out of doors and told him never to enter again. Without money he had been walking the streets, even begging. He would never go back in his pride; he said he would never go back, for they told him never to enter again. Because of his dissipation, the father had literally pushed the boy over the doorsill, and told him to get out into the cold world and into the depths of the earth, and then to hell itself. He said that on their sideboards and on their tables wines, the best, could always be had. The father and mother of the family never went to church. They never had a Bible in the house. Everything was there of the best to drink and eat. "Living in that

state of luxury has brought me to this time in my life without a trade and without the power to earn a cent—a drunken, dissipated wretch, asking you for something to eat." We knelt down there and prayed, while my heart ached for that poor boy, clothed in the best of garments and sobbing over his sin and envying the poorest lad his home-life.

When Cyrus W. Field died he did not talk about the Atlantic cable or the wonderful achievements of his life, but he said, "My life is wrecked, my home is destroyed, my fortune is gone. How bad I was; how bad I was to my son! I thought I was kind to him, but I ruined him. If I had only taught my boys and compelled them to earn their own living, I would have saved them, and saved myself and my home." Out of a life noble, and a life rich like that came the sad and pathetic cry, "Oh, if I had only taught Edward differently; if I only had!" In that kind of world, in that sort of atmosphere, boys and girls grow to young manhood and womanhood, with their eyes dead to human suffering, and their ears dead to the cry of distress, and their fingers dead to the touch of pity, and their feet dead to the paths of usefulness,

and their brain dead to thoughts uplifting, and their heart dead to the sound of anguish—over their entire life is thrown a blanket which smothers out the last spark of divinity.

The winds of idolatry sweep from the lower world through the clouds above the homes of the rich. It is the old story the rich young man gave the world when he came to Christ with his great possessions and wanted to inherit eternal life; and Jesus said, "You must give up your selfishness, you must give up your inhumanity, and you must give up your riches if you are to enter the Kingdom of God." But the poor fellow turned away sorrowful, for he wanted to keep his clothes, and keep that farm, and those riches of his. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." Riches do not keep a man out of the Kingdom of God. You say, "Money is the root of all evil." That is not in the Bible. "The love of money is the root of all evil." In that man's life who has had his whole education directed toward the getting of riches there has been going on also an education toward selfishness and covetousness and miserliness, and it is that trust in his riches instead of trusting in God which destroys a man's

soul-life and makes him forgetful of God. He bows down to

> "That false god of gold, gold, gold;
> Bright, yellow, hard, and cold,
> Molten, graven, hammered, rolled;
> Light to get and heavy to hold;
> Spurned by the young, and hugged by the old
> To the very verge of the graveyard mold;
> The price of many a crime untold,
> Gold, gold, gold, gold."

Before that god he falls down and gives his worship. That is the penalty man pays for trusting in this world's goods. You may have the most beautiful home on earth, built of marble the finest the quarries of earth can give, and before which the sculptor, the best and most skillful, has stood, and his hammer and chisel have done their best work, and he has said proudly, "It is finished." The doorway stands with all of its arched glory as the most hospitable welcome ever given to mortals. In the corridors you find the richest draperies and most expensive of artists' pictures. In the reception room and the parlors and the library lie the plush, axminster, and velvet. Rare embroideries hang from the walls and rest upon the floor

under the brilliancy of those hundred-candled chandeliers. On the walls hang the latest and most expensive works of art. In the library are the books in which the mind could revel. In that kind of home, in that center of luxury, where the dining table is breaking beneath the weight of the best that the trees and grounds of the world can give, the very best that the forests and streams could furnish, in that palace of beauty and glory, I declare with the strongest emphasis that important fact for the knowledge of modern society—this is not home. These are not the lines in the structure of that beautiful word H-O-M-E. Wealth does not make it; love and character make it. They build it on earth and they build it in heaven.

There is a more beautiful mansion than any that ever stood on the ground of earth—a mansion to whose door-sill the lowest denizen of the tenement house can come and walk in and say, "This is mine, this is mine." For Jesus the son of God enters the tenements and stands before the poverty-stricken ones without coal or food or raiment, and in His infinite sympathy, and Godlike pity and unbounded love, says, "Child, have patience. I go to pre-

pare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself." As the gates of pearl stand ajar, I look through into the city and I see one walking up the pavements of gold, with angels on either side, with friends behind and friends before. I see him going on toward one of the most beautiful mansions in Heaven and entering that palace while the angels tell him that this is the one that Christ gave him, and I look at him carefully and I say, "Angel, angel, who is it? Who is that? Is he a prince of the world?" The angels say, "No, no; look again, you know him, you saw him," and I say, "Is it possible? Is it possible? Where are the rags; where is the hunger? Is it possible that I see in him that poor man in the seventh story of a back-yard New York tenement, in a single room, dying with consumption?" "Yes," the angel guards say, "Yes, it is he, and you heard him say just before he left the world, 'I am going to Jesus; I am going home.' Out of the New York tenement and hovel, he is in heaven." Then I stepped back and thought of one of the richest men of his day in New York city, in a

palace in his room on downy pillows and softest mattress, but in greatest agony. One week before an eminent minister had entered his office and said to him, "I have seen you so often in church, your wife with you, and I have been anxious for your salvation; with all that this world has given you, you must have Christ if you are going to be saved." He told him of his anxiety and pleaded with him to make his peace with God. The man wheeled around in his chair, looked at him for a moment, and said, "Sir, I am always glad to have you come and see me; you are welcome to this office, but you need never come and say another word to me about my soul. I have no use for Jesus Christ as a personal saviour; never mention the subject to me again." The next Monday morning before daylight, that same man of God was called by messenger to come to this palace in New York city. He entered the bedroom where the wife and children were gathered around the couch of the dying man. Tears were falling upon the white counterpane and hearts were breaking with sobs. But it was too late, it was too late; the final moments had come; and with

the last breath that crossed the threshold of the dying millionaire's lips came these words: "Oh, who, who will carry me over the river?" Better the pierced hand of Christ in human hand than all the wealth of the world.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CENTER OF INIQUITY.

I HAVE stood in front of the saloon door and read along the lines of the green screen this terrific indictment:

"The saloon cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness.

"It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the mother, extinguishes affections, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blasts parental hopes, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave.

"It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life.

"It makes wives widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends—and all of them paupers and beggars.

"It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imparts pestilence, and embraces consumption.

"It covers the land with idleness, misery, and crime.

"It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums.

"It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots.

"It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims to your scaffolds.

"It is the life-blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the inspiration of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary.

"It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer.

"It violates obligations, reverences fraud, honors infamy.

"It defames benevolence; hates, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence.

"It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and the child to grind the parricidal ax.

"It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven.

"It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine.

"It degrades the citizen, debases the legis-

lature, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot.

"It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness, and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unsatisfied with its havoc, it kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor; then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin.

"It does all that and more—it murders the soul.

"It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy."

I have entered the lowest saloons in the city, and heard the clanking of chains, and seen the orgies of demons, and witnessed the sufferings of the damned—and have said that awful indictment is true, every word of it is fact and can never be contradicted. The chief curse of our modern social world is the saloon. It is the strongest force sent out for the destruction of this planet. It is the very hot-bed in these great cities where grow all other sin and ruin. It swings open more doors to perdition than any

other demon hand. It is the prince of destroyers in home and government and body and soul. It is the supreme opposition to the progress of the Kingdom of God. It stands at nearly every corner to disgrace civilization, to mock Christianity, and to remind us that it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the judgment day than for that city. Here is the home of anarchy, and above it floats the American flag. I have seen its crimson bars running parallel to that other crimson bar and made to be the companion of its blood. That most beautiful emblem ever unfurled to the breezes in any part of the world is dragged through the filth and crime and lawlessness of ten thousand times a thousand saloons. Oh, for more patriotic souls like an Ellsworth to love it as his life, or a Barbara Frietchie to shout,

> "Shoot if you must this old gray head,
> But spare your country's flag."

We rejoice in our liberty, but are forgetting the tremendous price we paid for liberty, and the definition of liberty. Liberty too often means license. The greatest peril to our liberty is lawlessness. The hand that will tear your glorious

banner with seam and gash is the hand of anarchy, and the hand of anarchy is the saloon. The very chief of law-breakers in the great cities are the saloon keepers and those associated with them. They are dragging the only king in this country from his throne and hurling him in the mud and filth of earth. We see law trampled upon and stand by without making a single protest, while out of the throat of anarchy comes the cry of liberty. I would rather have King George pour his taxation tea down my throat the rest of my natural life than to have that which the saloon calls liberty.

On the Sabbath day, out of one of the dens established on this earth by his Satanic Majesty to carry on his most nefarious business, a drunken man stumbles out across the sidewalk and pushes me into the gutter. Is that liberty? He did it, and the only possible thing for me to do was to strike the drunkard, and I might rather strike a stone. Is that liberty? A drunkard was going through the streets of Baltimore, swinging his hands right and left until one of them came in contact with another man's nose. Instantly the man clenched his fist and tumbled the fellow over into the gutter. He

picked himself up and rubbed that place where he had been hit, and said, "I would like to know if this isn't a land of liberty." "Yes," said the other man, "but your liberty ends where my nose begins."

If the German does not like America, let him go back to Germany. If the Irishman does not like America, let him go back to Ireland, and I will say good-by with great pleasure, and if any other man on the face of the earth does not like this country, and is not satisfied without his Sabbath desecration and his beer gardens or open saloons, let him stay where he came from, and stay there forever until he gets where they have seven days of his Sunday. I went into the home of a beautiful Christian girl, a member of my church. In that little hovel the paper had been torn from the walls by the hand of a drunken father, and an old lounge stood with its covering nearly torn from its frame, and the plaster had been knocked out of the wall, and a stove was there with only two or three legs under it. I often had wondered why it was that she did not want me to come and see her. At last I went and found her at home. As I came in the door, out of a little back room she rushed into my

presence for me to rescue her. Her pretty face was bruised, and blood was streaming down her cheeks. The drunken father rushed in, and to save my own life and hers we had to escape. Is that liberty? It is the cruelest slavery that ever bound the wrists of human form. Never did the black man of the South know the bitter slavery of that poor white girl of the North.

A mother had a son who was her only support in her old days. He was accustomed to spend his last dollar for whisky, and this made her life so miserable and unbearable that at last she made up her mind to commit him as an habitual drunkard. When the day came and she was summoned to swear to the offense, it was too much for the broken heart to stand. As she was about to say what they wanted her to say, she fell prostrate to the floor with the cry, "It is breaking my heart." Is that liberty? If that is liberty, then give me slavery. Let the shackles rattle about my hands and about my feet; let the snap of the lash be heard above my head; let me live in the home of the black man in the sunny South before your fathers and brothers and loved ones shed their blood for his liberty, if that is liberty. That is a million miles away

from liberty. If that is liberty, why in Heaven's name did they drag William Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston? If that is liberty, why are there so many countless and unknown graves in the Southland now? If that is liberty, why did Ulysses S. Grant lead the armies of the North through the pathway of struggle and slaughter to triumph? If that is liberty, why did Abraham Lincoln with trembling hand and with his own blood write the Emancipation Proclamation? It is a shame for the flag of liberty to rise above such sin and infamy as that and be disgraced by its slavery.

I have seen in the saloons the poison sold to children. There is a law against that, but law kept just like every other law that rests above the saloon keeper's head. A law which should be most sacred is broken in hundreds and thousands of cases, every day, in these cities. A beautiful curly-headed little fellow of five summers attracted my attention going into a saloon, and I waited for him to come out, when I saw that he had a pail filled with the infernal stuff, coming out of the door. I stepped back and put my hand on his head, and I could not help raising my eyes heavenward and saying,

"Almighty God, bring justice on earth and save the boy." A saloon is the home of the anarchist, for all anarchists are graduates from the saloon. We ought to hang the real anarchist who has the red light on the corner, and let the other fellow live, because in that nursery is born all your anarchy and lawlessness. I saw in the lowest saloon on the Bowery the newspaper account of that institution breaking the law, framed in an oak frame and hanging on the wall because of pride in anarchy. A gentleman went out at one o'clock at night in a certain part of New York city and found a little fellow five years of age, almost too small to carry the pail he had, going into a saloon for a pail of beer. He said, "I went in and forbade the bartender to sell him that stuff." The bartender looked at him with much astonishment, as though he had come in there to throw everything into the street. The bartender ordered him to get out until he had sold the stuff. That little fellow had to carry it home to his drunken parents. All day long a boy was carrying the poison from one saloon in the city to a company of workmen, until at night they missed him. It was Saturday night; Sunday night, they went almost

crazy when they sobered up and could not find him. Monday they found him in an old cellar inhabited by rats, and the rats had eaten his little form half up by that time. He died of drunkenness, because during the entire day he had taken his share from that which he had carried to the men, and then made food for the animal world.

Recently a reporter of one of the New York newspapers found this same diabolical custom continuing at such a rapid pace that he made up his mind to investigate, and almost the first thing he discerned was a little boy and girl buying that accursed stuff and then carrying it into one of the tenements. He followed them, and they stopped twice on their way and drank nearly half of it. Then he came back to the barroom, and the bartender said, "That is just the way they do it all the time. That mother will swear at me because I didn't give her half measure, when I gave her big measure." He said, "The children do it; and more than that," he said, "one-half of all the proceeds of this concern comes through the children buying it, and that is the way the drunkards are made." These children are taken right out of the very circumference of your law and placed right over

into that area, which is to be not only their temporal but their eternal destruction. In the name of humanity and the name of God, is the clock not striking the hour for the prosecution of those scoundrels and for the salvation of tens of thousands of children? "A saloon can no more be run without using up boys than a flouring mill without wheat, or a sawmill without logs. The only question is, "Whose boys? yours or mine? Our boys or our neighbor's?"

In the saloon I saw the match which was burning up the homes. I have seen in these saloons, in the middle of the night, so many men that they completely packed the place, and admittance for anyone else was impossible. I did not see one with an overcoat upon his back, although it was a cold night, nor did I see one with any sign of respectability about him; but I saw them stand by the bar and spend their last farthing for that which was not only to destroy themselves but to put fire beneath their tenement home. They were making beasts of themselves and doing that which they knew would take the very life out of the body and life out of the soul. In that presence I heard a sound, and I listened, and I remember that sound now. I

listened, to hear the saddest sound that ever falls on mortal ears—I heard the children crying for bread. And then I heard a sound coming from another direction; it came up from the lower world, and it was the very laughter of the demons as they beheld the sight and heard the children cry. Right in the center of the saloons in New York city and in Brooklyn, in the center of the tenement districts, we find the pawn shops numbered by the scores and almost hundreds. How do they thrive? I will tell you. A poor fellow who had spent his last farthing was forced to pawn his overcoat, for which he had paid fifteen dollars, and pawned it for three dollars. After a short time he came to me and begged me to go to the pawn shop that I might be able, with some influence attached to his, to redeem the coat, as the winter had become more severe. I went with him to the pawn shop, and almost literally had to fight to secure that garment. I then discovered, by reference to their books, in order to find his coat, that in a single day, across the threshold of that damnable place came no less than seven hundred human beings with the last remnants of home carried in there to buy food or to buy

whisky—seven hundred in a day. And I said, "Whose is that watch?" "That is a father's watch." And I said, "Whose is that shawl?" "A mother's shawl." And I said, "Whose are those shoes?" "A baby's shoes." Someone went into one of these places and found there a man, who walked up to the counter and threw down a little pair of pink slippers and said, "Give me ten cents." With some real heart—you would not suppose it was there—the pawnbroker said, "Where did you get them?" He said, "It's baby's shoes." Then he said, "You had better take them back. Your wife will feel bad." "Yes, wife will feel bad about them, but I want another drink." "Well," said the pawnbroker, "baby will need them; you had better take them back." "No, baby will not need them. Baby died last night, and is home in the house dead now. Baby will not need them, give me ten cents." The pawnbroker took the little slippers and passed out ten cents, and the infernal business moved on. He was in partnership with the saloons all about, for the destruction of home and the making of misery.

I saw in this vestibule of perdition, that sacred element in human life called friendship turned

into a fiendish farce. I saw the free lunches. But it was a strange thing to find the men eating the free lunch, clothed in rags, and the man who owned the institution clothed in broadcloth and wearing his diamonds. That free lunch was the introduction to his drink of the lowest order—that drink cost the saloon keeper less than one-half a cent, and the man paid his five cents for it. He takes hold of that bait and pays his last cent into the saloon keeper's till. These places where in friendship they give away so much are the most handsomely decorated and most beautifully lighted, burning hundreds of electric lights in a small room. In the center of a tenement-house district, where there has been the cry of starvation more than once in recent years, there is a saloon where the floor is literally paved with silver dollars. It is a strange thing that these men come out of there, with their wealth, and come to be your aldermen and officials, and the free lunch is served out of pure friendship and love for humanity. The chief difficulty with the American saloon is because it is a social institution, and because they cater to the social elements of man, and through that pathway of sociability they lead their victims.

I saw three young men walking along the street, arm in arm. When they came to a corner, one of them said to the young man in the center, "Come in and have a drink." "No, no, I don't want a drink to-night." They said, "Come on; come, have a drink." He said, "No, I don't want any." At last he literally pulled himself away from them and rushed on, getting out of their way, and they damned him for not accepting their friendship. I saw a business man taken out of his place of business by two men dressed in the very highest fashion, one holding on to each one of his arms, undertaking to force him across the street into one of the lowest saloons of the city. I followed, and I heard him say, "No, no!" They said, "Yes, you must;" and they literally compelled him. He said, "I don't drink anything any more." They said, "It don't make any difference; you have got to drink something with us." He thought of the wife and babies at home. With a trembling voice he said, "I have given it up, I don't drink any more." They kept moving him along until at last, literally by force, and by fiendish muscle, they moved him across the threshold behind the doors to drink the tears of

a suffering wife and babies at home. That satanic principle of treating in the name of friendship is a tremendous power for the ruin of men. That young man who asks another to drink with him is his greatest enemy.

I saw in these places hundreds of instances where manhood was being dragged from its throne and some evidence given, in many a case, of noblest manhood brought lower and lower and lower, until at last there was complete destruction. We have become almost tired of statistics and we have come into a position where we are statistically hardened. Seventy-five per cent. of the paupers are paupers because of the saloons; twenty-five per cent. of the insane people of this country are insane because of the saloons. The drink bill is one thousand million dollars in this country. It costs the American government to-day a hundred million dollars a year to care for these paupers and insane, making a total of eleven hundred million dollars a year expense to this nation, and we are not startled by that statement. If I could furnish a lake in which to hold all the hot, scalding tears produced by the saloons, and then provide a vast area which should contain all the

wreckage made by the saloons, and then there could sound some sort of music, coming from the diapason of the organ, to give us that volume which should contain the cries and groans of the suffering, and I could march, in the presence of that scene, a line of men which would reach around this entire globe, ruined by the saloon, and I should say that three hundred of those men, every twenty-four hours of our history, are dumped out of the saloons into drunkards' graves; if I could bring before you the scenes of poverty and wretchedness and suffering and desolation, rising up and pleading for mercy and pleading for power to destroy the saloons and all their accessories—then conscience might rise to the throne and heaven witness victory for suffering humanity.

To help in this destruction of manhood every saloon in these cities is day and night a gambling den, and the home of every other force of evil. On the walls are all the pictures, impure and pugilistic, that can be gathered from the four quarters of the world, and almost from hell itself—literally covering the ceilings and walls, telling of gambling and prize-fighting and impurity. In connection with the saloon is the

resort of evil women. Impurity is working high-handed, and scarcely a check is being placed upon it. In the saloons in these great cities thousands of these women are making their habitation and destroying all the kingship that God ever placed in man. The very blasphemy of womanhood is that woman should be in a saloon, and women should drink, and women should gamble.

I looked at the head of a barrel of rum, as it lay in the low saloon, and saw an angel writing on it:

"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes ;
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows ;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife ;
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife ;
A barrel of all unavailing regret ;
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt ;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain ;
A barrel of hope, ever blasted and vain ;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies ;
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull ;
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full ;
A barrel of liquid damnation that fires
The brain of the fool who believes it inspires ;
A barrel of poverty, ruin, and blight ;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night ;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans ;

A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans ;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the bead on the liquor that glows in the glass."

Here the very last vestige of womanhood goes, and the last trace of manhood vanishes. Look at the bloated lips and rheum eyes and scarlet nose and shattered souls. I saw a young man coming out of a saloon with a pair of skates on his arm. He had skates on his feet, and skates on his head, and skates on his ears, and skates all over. He cut more curves than he ever cut on any ice in the world. At last he came to a tremendous obstacle. As he crossed the street he came up to the curbstone and thought it was a Rocky Mountain range; and then he made a courageous effort to cross it, but came back; and then he looked at his great mountain range again, made another effort and back he went again; and up he came again, this time with a fearful plunge, and over it he went. He looked around at it with more pride than Napoleon when he crossed the Alps, and said, "There shall be no Alps." Then a little dog came running along and bounded gracefully over the great obstacle. Which was better, dog or man?

The saloon keeper makes the following proposal to his Satanic Majesty:

"DEAR SIR: I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Wine, Beer, and all their compounds. Our objects, though different, can be best attained by united action. I therefore propose a copartnership. All I want of men is their money. All else shall be yours.

"Bring me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you Drunkards, Paupers, and Beggars.

"Bring me the Child, and I will dash to the earth the dearest hopes of the father and mother.

"Bring me the Father and Mother, and I will plant discord between them, and make them a curse and a reproach to their children.

"Bring me the Young Man, and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth.

"Bring me the Mechanic or the Laborer, and his own money—the hard-earned fruits of his

toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice, and ignorance in his once happy home.

"Bring me the Warm-hearted Sailor, and I will send him on a lee shore, and make shipwreck of all fond hopes for evermore.

"Bring me the professed follower of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of the heart. I will corrupt the Ministers of religion, and defile the purity of the Church.

"Bring me the patronage of the city and of the Courts of Justice—let the Magistrates of the State and the Union become my patrons—let the lawmakers themselves meet at my table and participate in violation of law, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a byword in the streets.

"Bring me, above all, the moral, respectable man; if possible, bring the moderate temperance man—though he may not drink, yet his presence will countenance the pretexts under which our business must be masked. Bring him to our Stores, Oyster Saloons, Eating Houses, and Hotels, and the more timid of our victims will then enter without alarm.

"Yours faithfully,

"RUMSELLER."

Satan said, "I am delighted with your proposition, and it shall be done"—and a carnival was held in the lower world.

I have seen this great Juggernaut, rolling through your streets, and beneath its wheels were pale-faced and haggard women, with pinched babies in their arms and the babies crying for food from starving breasts, and the mother crying for mercy. I have seen the mother, with tear-stained face and broken heart, dragged beneath the wheels of this monster, as she fell on her knees before it and pleaded for deliverance for her boy. And I have seen beautiful sisters fastened to this Juggernaut of heathenism and dragged through the very filth and mud of the streets, because of their relation to drunken and ruined fathers and brothers. I have seen little children, bright-faced boys and curly-haired girls—crushed, literally crushed, beneath the wheels of that barbarous machine, I have seen countless beggared and ruined men beneath the wheels of our American Juggernaut, with the last remnants of the image and likeness of God obliterated, and the last atom of human life destroyed. I have stood in this blood, in the presence of a regard-

less world and a rejoicing hell and a waiting heaven, and I declare that, as long as Almighty God gives me power, I shall use it to strike a death-dealing blow against the head of earth's most cruel monster—the damnable saloon.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOSPITAL WARDS.

As the city grows in size, it grows in danger —danger to the moral, mental, and physical in man. Character stands in greater peril, the mind is less apt to be developed rightly, and the body is subject to more of disease and suffering. Crowded in home and strained in toil, living in a world of machinery and brick, instead of sunlight and flowers—what a vast amount of sickness and appalling numbers of accidents there are in the great cities! In their sky hangs a black cloud, heavy with its thunder of accumulated sigh and groan, and carrying a mighty shower of tears to fall upon all its stirring life. But circling that cloud is the beautiful rainbow, caused by the shining of the sun of righteousness in a world's sky. It is lined with all the colors of love and sympathy and sacrifice and tenderest care for the suffering part of the human

family. What a spectacle would be presented if in one place in the city could be gathered from street and store, and factory and home, and hospital and asylum, all the crippled and pain-racked human forms! If the blind eyes and deaf ears, and lame feet, palsied hands and contorted limb, and speechless lip and diseased blood, and bodies the home of pain; if the sufferers from hereditary and accidental and self-imposed ailments all should be gathered together for human vision; could eye or heart behold it without a turning away or the breaking of a chord? Beyond all human comprehension would be the immensity and the dreadfulness of such a spectacle. It is impossible to realize what a large proportion of the city population is subjected to the ravages of disease. Thousands and tens of thousands are wearing throughout the hours of day and the hours of night, and the days and nights of the year, and oftentimes the years of life, the shackles of this mighty slave-holder. The pain and anguish are never silenced by all the uproar and rumble and confusion of city life. They stealthily glide through the place of toil and the place of rest and the place of joy, as well as be-

tween the cots of the hospital ward. They walk unopposed through the very ranks of the strongest guards, and no hand can strike them or foot run away at the sound of their voice.

We speak of the cyclone of the prairie, and the flood of the Conemaugh, and the fires of Chicago, and the earthquake of Charleston, but seldom think of the incomprehensible amount of suffering and death in the great city every day, beneath the cyclone, and the earthquake, and the fires and the flood of ravaging disease. Hundreds of blind in constant darkness, hundreds of lame on roughest road, hundreds of crippled on an unending stairway, hundreds of dumb in dread silence, hundreds of deaf without a musical note! Life is a bush with thorns and no roses for their withered hands. For them the pathway is mire out of which no diamond has yet been formed. But the sweetest sound to drown this anguish of pain is the word Charity; and the brightest spot in all this dark picture of city life is the place where the hospital stands. It is the saddest place, and yet the place of greatest blessing. It was the pierced hands that took the trowel and with the cement of love laid the corner-stone for every one of these insti-

tutions of mercy. They are the gift of Christianity to a suffering world.

An old sailor declared that he had found Christ; that he had found him not at first in the Gospel, not in a prayer meeting, not at an altar, not in sermon nor song, but in the house erected for the shelter of shipwrecked mariners on the coast of Cape Cod. He had been shipwrecked on one of the coldest days of winter, and, washed ashore, had found the shelter provided by Christian people for just such as he. In that exhibition of Christianity he had seen Christ. His idea was true to fact—every shelter for the wrecked mariner, every almshouse for the poverty-stricken, every asylum for the distressed, every orphanage for the waif, every hospital for the sufferer, speaks in loudest tones of the Christ. They are better than an apology for his gospel, even though that apology falls from the pen of deepest learning and clearest rhetoric and most skillful logic. I challenge the mouth of infidelity to utter its blasphemy within their walls. Their plans were made in heaven, and angels are in their wards. They might appropriately be built in the form of a cross, because their foundations are the stones from Calvary's

Mountain. In the heart of every passer-by they should inspire deepest gratitude.

I have seen in the hospital ward, with all its pain and sorrow, the sublimest illustrations of courage and heroism. We recall with thankfulness and pride the heroism displayed on many a bloody battlefield in the struggles of this great nation. I stand in the hospital ward and recall the history of a Bunker Hill and a Saratoga. I behold Washington with his heroic soul leading the forces of the American patriots on to triumph, even through the ice-barred Delaware at Trenton, and on Long Island, and around New York Harbor, and up the Hudson. I think of Lincoln's heroism in signing with his own blood the Emancipation Proclamation; and Grant and Sheridan and the rest of the noble catalogue of leaders, carrying that crimson document on to its effect. I think of the common soldier behind the stone walls, and in the wheatfields of Gettysburg, among the trees and swamps of the Wilderness, on the bridges and in the thunders of Antietam, climbing over the dead bodies of their comrades to the top of Lookout Mountain; and I turn to the cot upon which lies a body tortured with pain for weeks

and months, meeting a mightier foe, and in a longer conflict, with a greater demonstration of unadulterated heroism.

When Satan failed to conquer Job by all other means, he touched his bone and flesh and revealed that sickness was the greatest test. Nerves may be shattered beyond the endurance of the sound of a bird's note, and appetite may loathe the most luxuriant fruit and most tempting viands and cause the palate to turn in disgust from the platter. The whole body may be thrown into a very blaze of fever, and the knife of pain strike through the side or across the brow or into the heart itself. Excruciating neuralgia and rheumatism do their very best to torture in the dead silence of the night, in the dim light of the ward, and an unseen hand is tearing at the muscles and rasping the nerves. That is an infinitely stronger trial of the heroic in the soul than the shot and shell of the battlefield.

I stood before Nathan Hale's monument in New York city and recalled that event of 1776, after the battle of Long Island was fought with such disastrous results to the American arms. Washington had retreated across the river to Harlem Heights; and General Howe with his

twenty-five thousand men occupied the hillsides above Brooklyn and also the city of New York, while a great fleet of English warships lay at anchor in the Harbor. It was necessary that Washington should know the intentions of the British commander. Upon this knowledge probably hung the salvation of the American army. Washington summoned before him a number of officers, to whom he revealed his plans and asked if there was one who would volunteer to attempt the hazardous enterprise. There was silence. No one responded, until at last a tall, stout young man, with determination in his heart, stepped forward and in thrilling tones said, "I will do it." I recalled that dangerous undertaking, and the opposition of his comrades, and his most patriotic reply. I thought of his going to Norfolk, and doffing his uniform, and donning that brown suit and broad-brimmed hat; then crossing the Sound in a sloop, and landing in Huntington Bay, and boldly advancing into the enemies' lines. I thought how he successfully performed his errand and repassed the lines in safety, with papers hidden between his foot and stocking. But, while waiting for a boat, he was recognized and betrayed and

arrested, and brought before General Howe. Without a denial from his lips, he was sentenced to be hanged the next morning at daybreak. The rest of the sad story came with increasing vividness to my mind. Securely pinioned, the noble patriot was marched to the place of execution, where now his monument stands, and there, as the light came on that early autumn morning, he stood with white cap drawn down over his head, the noose around his neck, and a rough pine-board box for a coffin in front of him. I stood on that sacred spot and read those last words now carved in the granite, "I wish I had more lives to give for my country." I would not take one atom of glory from such a royal brow as that. No, I would place another laurel leaf in that never-dying wreath, if I could.

But I stood in another place recently and saw heroism as great as that, in the hospital ward, by the cot of a little six-year-old sufferer. Every moment of his short life had been a moment of pain; every breath had carried a sigh, and he was now waiting for the small remnant of life to vanish. His pinched features told the most beautiful story of courage I had ever

known. Not a sound of weakness had ever been heard from that weakened little frame. He has stood for those six years, and the only six years of his life, without friend and alone, in that awful fight with disease. He held his teeth firmly set, and his shriveled hands firmly clinched in face of that giant-like enemy. Every move as well as word evidenced his magnificent courage. Give Nathan Hale his monument, but there will be a monument somewhere to the eternal memory of that splendid hero of the hospital ward.

I have seen in the hospitals, in the presence of this heartrending suffering, some of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers that have ever blossomed upon earth. No human hand ever placed them at the side of the cot, because they are seen oftentimes where love had never placed earth's flowers. They were flowers plucked by angel hands in the gardens of the upper world, dipped in the stream which flows under the throne—fresh, and fragrant, and heavenly. I mean the flowers of patience, so rarely seen in the world, are seen in such beauty in the ward. A four-year-old boy, with his little limbs twisted into inhuman shape, was trying to help himself,

but could not make any progress. I watched him in his struggle, and saw him better through a tear. He made hardest effort to move and continued his repeated attempts in agony, but was fastened to one place with the heaviest shackles that could rest upon human form. In his face were the clearest marks of a Christ-like patience that my eyes had ever seen. Understand it if you can, but his vain struggles to move were beautiful. I will explain it. The beauty was in the effect. His crippled body was like the thorny stems of the bush on which blossomed the richest and sweetest flowers of patience. I had seen another boy just his age, the picture of robust health, not a blemish mark upon his body, and the meanest specimen of childhood I could recall—most impatient, most unloving, most unkind. In his unbounded restlessness and unrestrained temper he was ruining his home, destroying all its happiness, covering mother's brow with care and loading father's heart with burdens; the most distinct prophecy of a ruined life and a blasted eternity. I declared then, and I declare now, that my holiest prayer would ask that my boy be the one in the hospital ward rather than the one of per-

fect health. A thousand-fold better to be crippled in body than crippled in soul. Better to have twisted limbs and a beautiful spirit than health without the touch of patience. The flower of patience is so seldom seen in this world that we must rejoice in that part of the hospital production. The business world, and the home world, and the professional world, and even a part of the church world, are the scene of extreme restlessness and discontent and selfish struggle and extreme impatience. But in the very midst of suffering have often blossomed the rarest flowers.

Genius has ever had to be crucified before it could rise from the dead. Pascal must suffer deeply before he could write sweetly and sympathetically. Milton must drink of that same cup for four-and-sixty years before he could sing of Paradise. Carlyle must know the meaning of pain before the literary world knew him. Jean Paul must live in the very cage of the bird about which he sings before he could sing sweetly. Robert Hall must be crippled with spinal disease before the world thrilled with his matchless eloquence. There are the traces of tears and sighs on every great page. A tear is a strange

chisel or brush, but its art has shaped the finest statue and left its lines upon the grandest canvas. The fires make sapphires, rubies, and diamonds out of common clay. The crown of thorns is before the diadem; the mocking reed before the scepter; the polluted purple before the royal robes of glory. The spit of scorn is before the bending knee of obeisance; the cross before the throne; a Calvary before a Heaven. I have seen all the colors of the rainbow in a single tear,

> "The mightiest tone that music knows,
> But breaks the heart's-string with the sound,
> And genius still, the more it flows,
> But wastes the lamp whose life bestows
> The light it sheds around."

The dull, leaden clouds of pain and the chilly rains of sorrow are at last transformed into golden mountains and into mists of fire, and every water-line of tears becomes an effulgent thread connecting earth and heaven.

I sat by the side of a cot in the hospital ward. She who occupied it had started life with brightest hope and best of health. She had grown into young womanhood, when suddenly the knife of disease had been thrust into her perfect

form and crippled her hip and spine until she was fast becoming helpless and shapeless. I told her of the great Sufferer and His sublime patience, and that in His footsteps she would at last reach the gates of pearl and enter that better city where there would be no hospitals, no days of suffering, and no long nights of wakefulness, and no sorrow because of a crippled body. There every tear would at last become a jewel, and a cold, friendless world would for her become a heaven. With a sweet, submissive expression she turned her eyes to the western sky and the glory of the setting sun. She thought that was the gateway, and her face lighted up, and her heart said, "I'll wait"; and her eyes saw the beauties and the perfection and the health and the happiness of that other world. She said, "Who are those in white robes?" And an angel said, "Those are they who suffered patiently on earth, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." And I saw the very sunset of glory and peace in her face, and the light of the eternal throne on her brow, and her head resting on the downy pillow of divine promise, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

I have seen in these wards the banishing of pain by love's tender touch. Splendid skill from the greatest physician is not sufficient. The best doctor has been a learner in the school of the Great Physician, who, when upon earth, with tenderest love and divinest sympathy clothed even the madman after he had torn off his garments, and turned the scabs of leprosy into fairest complexion, and swung wide open the windows of blindness, and opened the fountains of blood for palsied limbs, and straightened out rheumatic forms into those of grace and comfort.

Some additional darkness is thrown around the hospital ward by the presence of discrimination. There is oftentimes an unjust discrimination witnessed, which is worthy of the most extreme condemnation on earth as well as before the eternal throne. The poor sometimes suffer doubly. They can stand the absence of flowers and fruit, but in their humanity they cannot endure the absence of sympathy and the presence of a hard-hearted carelessness and inhuman treatment. Their bodies are just as tender as those which lie on the palace couch. Their nerves are just as sensitive and their hearts

are as easily broken. Shame! shame! whenever the cruel hand instead of the hand of love rests upon their pain-racked body. But many of the most self-sacrificing and humanity-loving of earth are found among physicians and nurses of the hospital and the sick room. Some of these nurses appear angelic as they move in love's pathway around the cots, and tenderly place their hands on the fevered brows, and sweetly whisper the comforting word and skillfully administer the healing medicine.

There are more Florence Nightingales than one. Wounded soldiers kissed her shadow as it fell on the hospital wall. Other shadows have been kissed and other heads shall be crowned for like service. If there is any place on earth which is standing as a supreme witness to woman's power of pre-eminence over man, it is within the walls of the hospital. Walter Scott's lines are not all satire:

> "Oh, woman, in our hour of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow
> A ministering angel, thou."

Men fought the battles of the field, but woman fought those of the hospital. It was her hand

which administered the cordial, and watched the dying couch, and touched the hot cheek, and wrote the last message home. Tens of thousands of the wounded were made better, or to die easier, by her power. Man's rough hand and heavy foot and impatient bearing are out of place here. She seems to have the superlative right of comforting the sick.

But I have witnessed in the hospital ward another loving attendant. I looked into the children's ward and, in the presence of the little ones fighting pain and death, I saw Him and heard Him say, "Suffer the children to come unto me," and then it seemed He took them in His arms and blessed them. His divine sympathy was at the side of every one of those little cots, and when I went into the next ward He was there. He moved from one to the other without distinction, and touched them with His finger of love and power just as He did when upon earth in human form. As I stood at the doorway of the next ward I saw Him again on the same errand of mercy, and heard Him say distinctly again, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

There is another frequent visitor in these city hospitals—the black phantom of Death. Oh,

how often he moves with his dread step, absolutely unhindered, through every hallway and into every room and ward. The old Duke of Northumberland, when he was dying, called for his armor. It was given him, and in his weakness he raised himself from his bed, and the hard steel clasps were fastened about him, and as the sweat of extreme weakness came out on his brow, he asked for his lance, which had carried his colors in triumph on many a battle-field. It was placed in his hand, and the valiant old warrior faced the last enemy with lance at rest. Death simply mocked at his armor and his spear. It was a poor act with which to close the tragedy of life.

How much grander that scene in the hospital when noble Tucker, my fellow-laborer in the work of the Church, was facing death! Oh, how we loved him, and what splendid promise was in his life! He lay submissive beneath the surgeon's knife, and came from the operation like a hero in triumph; but, alas! alas! to discover a more serious danger. The physicians fought death for him, and he fought like the bravest for himself. And when we told him that he must die he said, without a tremor in his voice or his

body, " Well, if I must, I wish to leave a message or two of love." And as calm as an angel in heaven, he waited on earth for the final summons, and when he passed into his delirium, he thought he saw an opening through which he wanted to pass, but in his anxiety to go he was hindered. He tried to move toward it, and I know that that opening was the gates of pearl. At last his old father, with tear-stained face and broken heart, leaned over his only boy and said lovingly, " Frank, you can go, you can go." And he said, with the look of rest and satisfaction, "All right, father!" He fell back on his pillow and fell back into the arms of Christ, and was gone. When I recall that hospital scene, and that eternal triumph, and the enthroned Tucker, I share the angelic chorus and shout, "Hallelujah! hallelujah!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHADOWS FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

"As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool." That philosophy of amusement is divine. A snapping and crackling without any heat or blaze, and the food uncooked and the life unfed! God made every human being with the desire for amusement, and the capacity for enjoyment. He placed within the structure of every man a laughing machine, and it is sin to allow it ever to become rusty by disuse. Some people seem to have been made according to contract, but their shriveled forms and sour features are the abuse of Heaven's handiwork. A hearty laugh, coming from a robust, happy soul, is a part of the sweetest music of earth. A heart's joy, running over upon the face, is a part of earth's beauty. Innocent pleasure is a foretaste of the upper world. Angels rejoice in seeing every man, woman, and

child have the best time the world can give. Some of the brightest men of earth never left their boyhood sports. Martin Luther in old life romped and played with children, as one of them; and the immortal Chalmers found his greatest delight in the amusement of his early days. The noblest men can laugh the heartiest and enjoy themselves the most. There are some people so small and so dry that you could soak them in a joke for a month, and then they would be as dry as a Canada thistle in a drouth, and as mean as the thistle after lying in the scorching sun for that thirty days. Heaven wants every man to have the most joy of earth—but that is only secured along right lines. "God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions," and it is these inventions which make the crackling thorns under the pot.

Disparage no innocent amusements; rather rejoice in their existence and their blessing. I would not even make a wholesale denunciation of modern theaters, but whatever destroys life, instead of saving it, carries its own condemnation in its heart. That which lowers life, instead of elevating it, cannot pass the courts of conscience and reason without indictment. For the pur-

pose of investigation I have been in the lowest theaters in the world, and went from them to the very highest. And much that can be said about the one ought to be said, in justice and in the interests of humanity and civilization, about the other. Principles of righteousness which have been murdered in the Bowery playhouses have received their deathblow also in the theaters of Fifth Avenue. In every constitution is the love for the dramatic, and it is cruel to forbid its satisfaction, but the modern places of amusement are guilty of that crime. They say to the pure heart, "Stand back! stand back! If you see us, you cannot see God!" Most of these places are now the very haunts of iniquity in our great cities. One of the greatest needs of this hour is to urge upon young manhood and womanhood that they, for their own sake and the sake of earth and heaven, use a righteous discrimination. This is one of the most vital subjects touching the morality of the city.

The theater is the first power that enters young life in the great city, either of life born there or of new blood flowing into the city from the country. The city has created the theater. The loneliness and gloom of its life make an

inevitable reaction. There is a tremendous need of relaxation, for the work and burden of toil. The theater is created by this increased demand in the great civic centers. It is the first to touch character. It sweeps with unhindered power the young men and women upon its swift-flowing current. Charles Lamb once wrote a play for the stage and went to see it enacted. The loudest hissing came from the gallery where Lamb sat; the author was hissing his own production, he was his own severest critic. So every man in the throne room of his own conscience is the severest critic of the places he frequents. The best that can be said to-day must be the advice to discriminate wisely and conscientiously.

I have seen with my own eyes, and I carry the statements of some of the greatest managers, critics, and actors in the world. The conviction of my own heart and the sentiments of their lips are in perfect harmony. Eyes ought to be wide open and consciences very tender in view of the undisputed facts. There may be exceptions, and discrimination may keep from sin, but most of the footlights cause the blackest shadows to-day—the shadow of wasted money; the giving

of the last farthing, with no return, only evil. I have seen men, women, boys, and girls, in a line more than one hundred feet in length, waiting to pass before the ticket window and purchase tickets to enter one of the vilest shows that was ever advertised on the boards. As I stood and watched those men, women, and children, I saw hunger in some of their faces, and faded shawls upon their backs, and no overcoats around their shivering bodies, on that bitter winter's day. They came out of the tenements and out of the poorest homes in the city, taking the last farthing to go into a place which was to injure them instead of help them. I have seen in the places of the exhibitions of impurity hundreds and almost thousands of men, and only one stray woman. I wondered how she strayed in there. In the vast number of men and boys, most of them boys, scarcely an overcoat could be seen. They were evidently spending their last cent to witness that which would make the very devils themselves blush, if they came up from the lower world. Nothing else was to be seen for the length of three hours, nothing but the demonstration of impurity before lustful eyes;

nothing but immodesty and the loss of the delicacy of womanhood. Their last money had been paid for that which was the poorest investment a mortal could make in this world. How many million dollars annually pass out of the hands of the people, mostly out of the hands of the working people, into the hands of all the theaters in this land of ours? How many do you suppose? Almost uncounted millions.

There is constantly going out from the pockets of the people a stream of their earnings, into the low playhouse, which ought to go for bread for the hungry children and clothes for their thinly and poorly clad forms. It ought to go out in a far different direction—but goes into the treasury of some of the lowest theaters in the city. From the hands of the rich also is passing every day and night a vast amount of money for their own destruction, and is making for them an investment from which they shall hear before the Judgment Throne of God—condemnation instead of praise. They are spending money that ought to come from willing hands for the relief of the shivering and starving. I say, then, that one of the thorns crackling

under the pot which create the fool's laughter is the thorn of the poorest investment—damning instead of saving.

Dramatic performances are not in themselves harmful. They have been given by transcendent genius. There are possibilities of high things in the theater; so much more horrible is the utter prostitution of all its wonderful capacities. Most of them to-day are of the devil; they exist only because men will always ruin their fellow-man for money. They are bad, bad, and only bad, and the result of all this evil at work is startling and beyond comprehension. Even the blood-and-thunder plays of which there are so many, and for which the demand is increasing, are like a fiery intoxicant which inflames and frenzies. Audiences are ravished and shocked and overwhelmed by the doing of the stage carpenter more than the actors. It is for this midnight strain on the nervous system that men and women pay their last money.

Another shadow from the footlights is the murder of virtue. The modern theater may be many other things. It may claim art, oratory, and grace, but whatever else its claims, it is not a school of virtue. You need not go; I need

not have gone. Just walk along any one of the streets and witness the pictures on the boards. What are they? Unless they are pictures of semi-nude women the theaters fail. No manager would dare announce that his plays are in the interests of righteousness. One of the greatest actors said he would reform the New York city theaters, and have one pure theater in that great city. What was the result? He failed absolutely, and his theater did not bring five cents on the dollar. London's great actor tried the same thing, and said he would purify the theater. But he too signally failed, and the manager had to put impurity before the footlights in order to regain the loss he had sustained. The greatest actors themselves testify that it is almost impossible to point the finger to any young woman who goes on the stage for a life occupation, who remains pure. I do not say all. It is possible to remain pure. It may be possible to remain Christian.

Dumas, the French novelist, in answer to some critic, said, "You are right not to take your daughter to see my play, but you should not take her to see the theater at all. The theater, being a picture or satire of social manners, must

ever be immoral, the social manners being themselves immoral." A theatrical manager was accused of putting on the boards things which young people should not see. He replied, "Certainly we play for men and women; we represent the world as it is; it is not fit for the young." Rousseau said, "I observe in general that actors are men of bad morals and given to low practices, and actresses lead a loose life."

Not long ago Mr. Clement Scott, a leading theatrical critic of London, was asked to give to the public his matured views of the stage as a place for a pure-minded girl to seek a livelihood and to pursue dramatic art. His answer was, "A woman may take a header in a whirlpool, and be miraculously saved—but then she may be drowned. If a girl knows how to take care of herself, she can go anywhere; but I should be sorry to expose modesty to the shock of that worst kind of temptation, a frivolous disregard of womanly purity. One out of a hundred may be safe; but then she may hear things that she had better not listen to, and witness things she had better not see. In every class of life women are exposed to danger and temptations, but far more in the theater than elsewhere. All honor

and praise to them when they brave them out." Garrick boasted that he so entered into the vile character he assumed, as to feel that it was he himself. Dr. Johnson said, "If you really feel such a monster, you ought to be hanged every time you perform it."

Mrs. Siddons, who was a great actress, when her sister married a respectable man though poor, said, "Thank God, she is off the stage!"

Mary Anderson said, "She did not want her friends or children or anybody to patronize the stage." Of one of the highest class the *Press* critic says, "The prevailing affection of the heroine of the play is 'her fleshly love—a fleshliness that Mme. Bernhardt in some ineffable way exalts.' What a help to a pure-minded young girl it must be to have gross 'fleshly love' exalted in some ineffable way before her observant eyes." The manner in which Mme. Bernhardt's acting of Sardou's play impressed itself for the evening upon different classes of persons is indicated by the report of comments heard at the close of the remarkable performance: "Zounds, but that is a devilish sort of a play! It leaves a bad taste in one's mouth. She is a wonder, though," he muttered as he strode

off to his club, to get something to restore his equilibrium. "Oh, dear, wasn't it lovely!" said a young bud, as she sank back into her carriage, and the coachman cracked his whip.

Professor Morley says that almost all the plays represented in London are translations from the French, and that this ought not to be done is very obvious. A critic in a secular paper says: "The plays frequently offered are thoroughly Parisian, with personages so objectionable and incidents so gross, that it excites surprise that they have escaped the censure of the Lord Chamberlain. One scene for suggestiveness was the worst I ever saw. The curtain falls, leaving us to infer that the willful violation of the Seventh Commandment is sufficent ground for thorough-paced comedy."

Mr. Burnand, a great play-writer, in the *Fortnightly* says: "It is simply impossible for a girl to enter the theater and prepare to be an actress without all her moral senses being shocked at once, and if afterward she feels more easy about it, it simply proves her deterioration."

Palmer affirmed: "The chief themes of

the theater are now, as they have ever been, the passions of men: ambition leading to murder; jealousy leading to murder; lust leading to adultery and to death; anger leading to madness." And in explanation of this fact, Mr. Winter added: "Christian ethics on the stage would be inappropriate as Mr. Owen's *Solon Shingle* in the pulpit. The worst mistake ever made by the stage, and the most offensive attitude ever assumed by it, are seen when—as in 'Camille,' and two or three similar plays—it tries to deal with what is really the function of the Church—the consequences of sin in the human soul. It here makes a disastrous and mournful failure."

A distinguished dramatic critic said a few days ago that, in his opinion, the average productions of the last ten years have been baser than in any ten previous years in the history of the American stage. An American writer in the *The Contemporary Review*, speaking of the New York theaters, says, "A friend of mine, who made a tour of them all, was inclined to think that those patronized by the roughs in the Bowery were less immoral than those patronized by the resi-

dents of Fifth Avenue. It is a matter of dispute whether they honestly enjoy good music as much as they enjoy immoral plays."

What is necessary in order to make a star actor to-day? Some scandal arises in a woman's life, and then she immediately takes to the stage and plays her part. As the chief attraction notorious prize-fighters, whether triumphant or defeated in their brutality, go on the stage. If one keeps the lowest saloon on the Bowery, he is by that kind of life adapted to appear on the stage, and have the largest posters and the largest crowd. Notoriously bad, he then becomes a noted actor. The very theaters to-day which are making the most money are equipped with that kind of actors. The only preparation necessary to-day is to be brute enough to fight, or impure enough to lose all self-respect. What is one of the principal attractions of the theater to-day? Is it not women scantily dressed, or dressed so as to represent nudity? Are not women presented in men's attire, and men in women's attire, and is not that calculated to unsex the individual so acting?

In every one of the theaters, from the lowest up to the highest, it is not a success to-day

unless there is the ballet; unless it is a serpentine dance—and it is a serpent, the devil himself. The dance is damning the play of the theaters; in season and out of season, it is the chief attraction. The dance is only an excuse for the exhibition of nudity. If the posters and advertisements do not reveal this, the theater is empty. That which is the accompaniment of the profession is enough to condemn it.

A young man on his knees in my room and then at my home, praying that God would deliver him from his sin, confessed to me that he had come from a good home and gone upon the stage; and every night after the performance was over, he said he had to be with his companions after the midnight hour, drinking and playing cards and living in an atmosphere most deadly with its poison. "Ruined, ruined," was the sad cry, and it is the echo of nearly every life of that kind. I know a mother who would give her last drop of blood if her boy had never been behind the scenes—ruined in young manhood, basely ruined—and her heart is breaking for it. Even little TomThumb could not get rid of the disaster when he went out upon his tour before the eyes of the world. Up to that time he did

not drink, but then it began; and so bad and depraved did he become in so short a time that, when in St. Louis, his manager had to lock him in a room in the hotel whenever he left him. He rang the bell and summoned the bell-boy, and shoving a silver dollar under the door, he told the boy to get a pint of whisky and a clay pipe. When the boy returned with the pint of whisky and the clay pipe, he told him to push the stem of the pipe through the key-hole and pour the whisky in the bowl of the pipe. He drank the entire pint of whisky, and when the manager came back he found poor Tom lying on the floor, a little ball of humanity, completely saturated with whisky.

The theater life is destructive of the marriage relation and everything sweet and sacred in family life. You hear of revolver shots at the door of the theater; revolver shots behind the scenes; revolver shots in actors' apartments. You hear of the untruthfulness and unfaithfulness of husband to wife and wife to husband in almost every paper you read.

"Some day," the new woman said, "let us get together and abolish man." Well, it was a hard thing to abolish man, but it was a harder

thing to get together. After they had gotten together and abolished man, one of them said, "I want to be an actress, but I must have a divorce, and now I am so sorry that we abolished man." But it was too late, and her life occupation had been nipped in the bud because she could not get a divorce. Necessary to get a divorce in order to be a star on the stage! If the modern theater works such awful ruin to the actors and actresses, its supporters must have some share in the condemnation. If the daughter of Herodias dances for Herod, he will bear his part in the fearful result. One of the nephews of a leader of the Four Hundred in New York married one of the best known ballet dancers in this country. Do you know what the uncle did with his nephew; what the whole family did with him? They discarded him at once, and absolutely refused to have anything to do with him until he should prove unfaithful to his actress wife. And yet those very people were paying for the support of that individual and of thousands of others in their impurity. They supported that which they themselves condemned. Theater attendants to-day witness the unsexing of womanhood by her wearing man's clothes and,

far worse than that, the destroying of all purity of womanhood by wearing scarcely any clothes at all. If she were their sister, they would have turned their eyes away and held up their hands in holy horror. But it was somebody's sister, it was somebody's daughter, and they paid for her support. This is injury to others, but how deep it goes down in the heart when men behold that which is impure, that which makes immodesty and indelicacy, to receive the applause.

Browning says:

> "Such outrage does the public—Phœba named
> Such purpose to corrupt ingenuous youth,
> Such insult cast on female character:
> Why, when I saw that beastiality—
> So beyond all brute beast imagining,
> That when to point the moral at the close
> Poor Salabaccho, just to show how fair
> Was reconciliation, stripped her charms,
> That exhibition simply bade us breathe,
> Seeming something healthy and commendable.
> After obscurity grotesqued so much
> It slunk away revolted at itself.
> Henceforth I had my answer when our sage
> Pattern professing seniors pleaded grave
> Your jail to fathom has the deep design:
> All's acted in the interest of truth,
> Religion, and these manners old and dear
> Which make our city great."

Another shadow which the footlights cast is the blasting of childhood. Whenever a child is placed before your eyes on the stage, you can pass this judgment without fear of contradiction, that that child has begun a life which shall end in absolute failure and perhaps the entire ruin of character. So far has this gone in our world that there are to-night men in state prison in this country because they have taken babies and tied their heads and their forms into contorted positions, in order that in six months' or a year's time they might make money out of them in the museums and the theaters. This which is most inhuman, this most cruel barbarism, is still going on in this world of ours to satisfy the base demands of the theaters.

The great Lincoln, when on his way to the State Capital in Illinois, stopped his horse and climbed up into a tree in order to place back in the nest two little birds which the wind had blown from their home. In his humanity and deep sympathy even for suffering birds, the great man revealed his greatness. One of the sublimest efforts possible is to save these boys and girls from that which is their inevitable ruin.

They are out of their nests in the winds and storms of the world.

Some time ago one of these boys acting on the stage, brought up from boyhood in that profession, was dying from overstrain, his nerves completely shattered and his little form weakened. He was one of the prodigies of the stage, but was dying as a result of that early abuse, when he could do no more to satisfy that craze of humanity and the public's demand for seeing tortured babies. When the skeleton hands of Death were about to take him out of this world into the other world he played the greatest act of his life, tragedy indeed; when up into some of the faces of those before whom he had posed on earth he looked and said, "O God, is there no room yonder for a little fellow?" There was no room for his childhood on earth; no room for his play; no room for his education; no room for his happy little heart. All these had been stolen by a selfish humanity.

This shadow of blasted childhood falls also upon the thousands of boys and girls every night in the theaters. Boys without homes receive in these galleries the larger part of their training.

This poison enters every drop of their blood and goes to every part of their life. The newsboys and other boys, by the thousand, spend their time and their money to see that which a respectable government should forever abolish.

I was in New York city in one of the low theaters and witnessed the semi-nudity of womanhood, and in this same place were hundreds of men and boys, nearly all under twenty years of age, breathing this impure air and then passing out of the theaters into the midnight hour and into the dance hall and dens of vice and into the saloon near these places. Will you answer me? Why does the best theater have right next door, and as a part of the institution, that low, mean saloon, and upstairs a billiard hall, the very resort of cut-throats, thieves, topers, pimps, and the very lowest specimens of humanity. Why these accessories? These accessories the theaters must have, and by their fruits and their companions ye shall know them.

Some years ago when a distinguished man undertook an investigation of the under-world of New York city, he started out one evening at ten o'clock. The detective officer who accompanied him said to him: "It is only ten o'clock,

and it is too early to see the places that we wish to see, for the theaters have not let out." The gentleman said, "What do you mean by that?" "Well," he said, "the places of iniquity are not in full blast until after the people have time to arrive from the theaters." In that single reply of this police officer we are brought face to face with the terrible fact that the sum total of the influences of our theaters to-day is overwhelmingly evil, and evil in its immediate result as well as its ultimate tendencies.

A veteran officer, thirty years ago, amid a rain of bullets and the bursting of shells, far up among the rocks of Missionary Ridge, shouted to his soldiers: "Come on! come on!" That was the most desperate deed of the war. Grant, who was present and looking on, said to Sheridan: "Did you order that charge?" "No," said Sheridan, "they are doing it themselves." There are orders that go straight to the hearts of men, unheard by mortal ears. They are the sublimest orders that ever ear heard upon earth; orders which come silently to your heart, telling you to go on up a more blood-stained spot than that of Missionary Ridge. They say, "Go on, go on!" not to save the flag, but to save

thousands and hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men. When those four million slaves had the shackles fall from their hands and their feet, they did not experience more than many thousands of our fellow-men ought to experience by our more courageous efforts. If it means sacrifice, I say, in the name of God and humanity, be willing to sacrifice.

The footlights cast many another shadow, but none more dark than the one of irreverence. The wit which is flying across the stage is like an arrow feathered from almost every obscene bird; it is blasphemy. There is also mocking of that which is most sacred. How many times are witnessed, on the stage, hands clasped, eyes heavenward and prayer uttered to Almighty God, and the very lightning stroke of heaven's justice, it seems, ought to have closed the lips in eternal silence. Think of the nightly offense to a merciful God in the theaters of the great city. The most sacred things of earth are dragged over the board.

In the presence of a great audience of men and boys I saw a stage crowded with semi-nude women, and all they appeared there for was

to display their forms and their daring immodesty and disgusting indelicacy. In their shocking lack of apparel they moved about in dances for hours and then sang:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty."

Yes, "Land of liberty." License instead of liberty; liberty to break the law, to increase the impurity of earth, and to show that there were some of humankind who claimed the name of woman and who had lost the last spark of the delicacy of womanhood. When they sang:

"Our father's God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing,"

I felt the chills creeping up my spinal column until they seemed to paralyze my entire mortal frame, and I wondered if God would allow anyone to come out of that home of blasphemy alive. That hymn which sixty millions of people love—that best of national hymns, that praise of Almighty God—was sung in such a place as that. Blasphemy, extreme; blasphemy, born in hell; blasphemy, taught by the devils; blasphemy

created to ruin and wreck immortal souls; blasphemy, the disgrace of civilization!

"The theater was, from the very first,
The favorite haunt of sin, though honest men—
Some very honest, wise, and worthy men—
Maintained that it might be turned to good account;
And so it might, but never was.
From first to last it was an evil place,
And now such things are acted there as make
The devils blush, and from the neighborhood
Angels and holy men tremblingly retire."

The greatest tragedy ever enacted was when the Son of God died upon the cross to save a lost, sinful, theater-going world. We repeat the awful scenes of that hour by crucifying Him afresh in our rejection of His infinite love. The earth is the theater. The sky is its dome. The stars are its thousand-candled chandeliers. The brooks and birds and all the voices of nature are the orchestra. The flowers and trees are its decorations. The grass is the emerald axminster and velvet. The clouds rich with color are its drapery and curtains. The beauties and splendor of a world are its scenery. You are the actor. The tragedy of this hour is "The refusal of Christ."

The immortal Lincoln, when he wrote the

Emanicipation Proclamation and attempted to sign his name to it, in the presence of Stanton said: "I don't know what is the matter with me to-day; my hand trembles so that I cannot write. The excitement which I have gone through during these days and weeks has been too great for me, and it seems as if I cannot write. I want it said, when this document goes down to history, that I was not afraid. If the hand trembles, they will say I was too cowardly about it." He started again and then stopped and walked across the floor, and then he went back, sat down, and with a bold hand wrote, "Abraham Lincoln." He said, "Stanton, that will do. That is the best act my hand ever did."

God has given you your emancipation proclamation to sign. Do not hesitate; do not hesitate! Sit down before Heaven and earth and write it down in bold letters—write your own name. And then the Son of God will come and retrace the lines with His own finger, and your blackened ink will appear in the crimson of His own blood.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOGS OF IGNORANCE.

It was a beautiful day in early summer, the train was thundering on its way through the country, the quiet stream glided merrily at its side, the whole valley was made perfect by the handiwork of the creator, Spring. I let the book fall and turned my eyes to drink in the beauty of that magnificent landscape and to regret its passing so quickly from vision. The fields were beginning to copy the sea in their waves of golden grain. The meadows were preparing for the music of the reaper's scythe. The hillsides were all crowned with emerald glory. The daisies and buttercups made the world a veritable flower garden. The flocks and herds dotted the field and rested beneath the welcome shade. The sky above was one great expanse of sapphire glory. Above the rumble and roar of the old iron horse and his following

train, one could almost hear the delightful harmony of bird song and brook warble and the ten-thousand-voiced chorus of nature. The whole scene was the perfection of earth's beauty and a reflection of the upper world. In it could be seen something of the gardens of God and the silver river and the trees and flowers and music of heaven. I became almost entranced, and forgot the passing of moments into hours, when suddenly, in the distance beneath the sheltering hill, I saw a little red schoolhouse, with a small American flag flying from its roof. I forgot all else and fastened my gaze upon it alone as I said, "That is the most beautiful feature in all this landscape, and one of earth's greatest glories." The eyes of men and angels alike rest longer and more lovingly upon that sacred spot than upon all its surroundings. Neither the beauty of our country nor its wealth depends as much upon waving grain or dancing stream or richest meadow or silver-lined hills or golden centered mountains, as they do on the little red schoolhouse built by the hand of God, just as certainly as the mountains at its side or the sky above its flag. I never see it standing anywhere on the soil of this free land but my heart beats

faster, and my brain grows clearer, and my prophetical ability has reached perfection in the declaration of the greater glory and the everlasting triumph of our institutions.

In the fogs and darkness of the great city the public school stands as the electric plant, and by its light I can see my way out of unhindered pessimism into the day-dawn of unclouded optimism. These magnificent institutions are the great levelers of American society, the great makers of citizen kings, the great preservers of the ballot scepter. Their sanctity must be strongly emphasized in this day of supreme need and supreme peril. There are enemies surrounding them in the centers of population, and there must be patriotic defenders to protect them from every danger. We have heard of London fogs and have seen them settle down with all their thick darkness and dampness upon the millions of humankind. But there is a fog just as dense and more to be dreaded, settling down upon the American city. I mean the "fogs of ignorance." There are thousands and hundreds of thousands of people in the very metropolis of this land living in ignorance—ignorance of our institutions; ignorance of our

customs; ignorance of our history; ignorance of the first elements of a common education; ignorance even of our common schools. In this very fact lies one of the strongest menaces to our government. This undisputed fact in city life is due to various causes. The population has become so largely foreign. Immigrants once came to our shores from the Old World from a different motive, and of a different quality and in far smaller numbers. In the early years of our history they were counted by the hundreds, and then by the thousands, and now by the hundreds of thousands and almost millions yearly, and largely dwelling in the low districts of the great cities. There is a veritable Babel built in these centers. All languages of the earth are spoken, and we are meeting the same difficulty that the great statesman Nehemiah met when the children of his kingdom spoke half in the language of Ashdod, because of their foreign relations. He was once as meek as Moses, but now, in view of this startling condition, he placed no fetters upon his righteous wrath. He proclaimed that indignation in boldest terms and inflicted severest penalties for such a criminal offense. He was more wise and more

patriotic than most of our statesmen. The offspring of this foreign marriage was ignorance—a result almost as disastrous as the calamity of an English duke or an Italian count marrying into American blood.

When education is hindered the most vital part of national life is poisoned. The gates to this continent should not be closed to any man, woman, or child who comes from any part of the earth and comes to be an intelligent, patriotic American citizen. But when the thousands are landed upon these shores to take up their abode in the Italian quarter, and the Greek quarter, and the German quarter, and the Chinese quarter of the city, and to become Irish-Americans, and German-Americans, and Italian-Americans, there should be a wall of hindrance placed somewhere. Not America for Americans, but America for all who will become Americans. One flag, one country, and one school at its gateway.

Some part of this fog is caused by the lack of school accommodation. Rapidly increasing numbers and thieving political hands have caused this dire calamity. Thousands and tens of thousands of children are turned away from the

school doors every year for want of room. Five thousand were thus dealt with this year in Brooklyn on the opening day, and ten thousand could be taught only half time. In New York city the condition is far more appalling. Politicians are carrying this blood money in their pockets to-day. That which should have rightfully been given for the building and enlarging of public schools has been paid for fast horses and elegant mansions. This is one answer to the question, "Where did he get it?" And where did many another member of the conniving and crimson-stained rings of the city get it? They stole it from this most sacred fund, and now we suffer and the children are robbed of their rights to an education. Red hands have held this budget and squeezed almost its entire value into the pockets of public thieves. The city government might appropriately rub "In God we trust" from its money, and stamp into the silver this more appropriate and more truthful statement, "The fool and his money are soon parted."

The administrators of these great cities are employing just about as much wisdom in the building of schools, as the county commissioners

did who resolved to build a new jail, They resolved: (1) to build a new jail; (2) to build it out of the bricks used in the old one; (3) to keep the prisoners in the old one while they built the new one; (4) to build the new one on the site where the old one now stands. That absurdity is no more monstrous and that fool-logic is no more climactic than that of our authorities before the unparalleled need and unmeasured peril in the lack of school accommodation. A father in this city recently brought suit against the authorities for refusing his eleven-year-old boy the privileges of the public school. But the courts manipulated the case in favor of a vile system and an un-American policy, while the father was left, with ten thousand others, to mourn his boy's deprivation. If the city refuses to admit the boy to its school for one year or three years, it has deprived him of those years' privilege forever. He can never retrace his steps. The advantage has been turned into disadvantage, and ignorance has become his inheritance in this free land. Education has been considered of such vital importance that a compulsory law stands upon our statue-books, but in many

cities it has become a compulsory farce. What folly there is in a compulsory law when there is no place into which to compel the children to go!

There is also a religious or rather irreligious enemy, before the doors of these institutions which are fundamental to the safety of our liberties and the advance of our prosperity. The effort on the part of Rome to batter down these stones and bricks has not ceased. Both publicly and privately that traitorous work is going on, and will go on as long as the principles that govern that Church remain about its throne. It denounces these schools as secular and godless and infidel, without one particle of foundation for the use of such vile epithets. It is still struggling with most intense and too often successful efforts in these cities to turn the public money appropriated for public schools into the channel of support for parochial schools. It attempts to manipulate the management of our public schools and to mutilate the text-books. In the secret assaults constantly made upon the public schools their hold is weakened on the hearts of the people. In the great Cathedral in New York city, from the most important pulpit in the Catholic Church in America, the public

school was recently denounced and deep-dyed sin declared to be resting on the souls of parents who dared to send their children to these godless institutions, while, from another of their highest stations, comes the bishop's declaration that no one can be admitted to the sacraments who sends his children to the public school. Oh, what a mighty enemy is here found to enlightenment and to the development of citizen kings from these great cities, where such a vast proportion of the population belongs to a church which openly avows itself to be the enemy of the schools! Of this church, in regard to its educational methods, Victor Hugo so truthfully said, in one of his famous speeches, "You claim the liberty of teaching. Stop; be sincere; let us understand the liberty you claim. You wish us to give you the people to instruct. Very well, let us see your pupils. Let us see those you have produced. What have you done for Italy? What have you done for Spain? For centuries you have kept in your hands, at your discretion, in your schools these two great nations, illustrious among the illustrious. What have you done for them? I shall tell you. Italy, which taught mankind to read, now knows

not how to read. Yes; Italy is, of all the states of Europe, that where the smallest numbers know how to read. Spain, magnificently endowed; Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilization, from the Arab her second civilization, from Providence, in spite of you, a world—America; Spain, thanks to you, rests under a yoke of stupor which is a yoke of degradation and decay. Spain has lost the secret of power it obtained from the Romans, the genius of art it had from the Arabs, the world it had from God; and in exchange for that you have made it lose it has received from you the Inquisition, which certain of your party tried to-day to re-establish; which has burned on the funeral pile millions of men; the Inquisition which disinterred the dead to burn them as heretics; which declared the children of heretics infamous and incapable of any public honors, excepting only those who shall have denounced their fathers. This is what you have done for two great nations. What do you wish to do for France? Stop; you have just come from Rome. I congratulate you; you have had fine success there; you have come from gagging the Roman people and

now you wish to gag the French people. Take care; France is a lion, and is alive."

May America echo that same sentiment until it sounds through every street of the city, and into every hamlet, and re-echoes from mountain top to mountain top and becomes a part of the music which sounds across this great continent, from Atlantic seaboard to Pacific slope. Before this bold enemy we must stand unflinchingly until the sword drops from his palsied hand. We must learn his treachery, concealed or revealed. It is always the same Trojan horse, and within his unsuspected frame is concealed the assassin of our free schools. Any voice which speaks of them disparagingly is the voice of a traitor and must be silenced, if security and prosperity are to be insured. The superstructure of this republic rests upon these schools as its foundation stones. If they are made to crumble, the palace itself must be weakened and at last be dust.

A large part of our glory has been in our universal intelligence. Let that intelligence disappear and ignorance take its place in these great masses of people, and more frightful

results will follow than human mind can prophesy. But the pages of history can furnish us with some idea of what it may be. The marvel of other nations of the world has been that this nation has been able to endure and prosper under what they have called "a mob government." But our fathers founded this government upon free boys and free brains, and in that is our future hope. Let the foreigners come and let the city grow. If we can only gather their children out of the "fogs of ignorance" into the clear atmosphere of the public school, we are safe. When Antipater demanded fifty children as hostages from the Spartans, they offered him instead one hundred men of distinction; and in that act the Spartans revealed their wisdom. Our strength too is in the children—that mighty on-coming host of citizen kings, educated to wield their scepters wisely and well.

I read of two sons of Erin's Isle, who had naturalization papers in their pockets and the sanctity of the ballot-box in their hands; when they were walking down the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad they came to a milepost upon which was printed "108 miles to Baltimore." One of them said, "You must tread

lightly here; a very old man is buried in this American soil. His name is Miles; he is from Baltimore, and he is 108 years old." The American citizen should know the difference between a milepost and a tombstone, and the only factor in our life to produce that right knowledge and to preserve our government is the public school. When I think of that critical hour when Sumter was fired upon and Lincoln's appeal to the people was heard, I invariably think of the schoolhouses which dotted this land and which made the strength of that people which preserved union and liberty. There they were educated to make that glorious response:

" If you look across the hilltops that meet the northern sky,
Long lines of moving dust your vision may descry ;
And now the wind an instant tears the misty veil aside ;
Up floats our royal banner in glory and in pride.
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, brave hands their music pour,
We're coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more."

They are the schoolhouses on which to-day the Stars and Stripes are seen and in which patriotism is taught and American ideas and principles are instilled in the young minds and hearts; where manners and morality are learned

as well as mathematics and geography; where Anti-Cigarette Leagues are formed and temperance instruction is furnished; where many of the best minds and noblest hearts are the teachers; where the rich and poor, the high and low, the foreign and American-born reach the same level, and receive the same benefits, and are cemented into the one common bond of union. From these God-planned and Heaven-blessed institutions there is coming forth a vast army to respond to any call of duty, and to meet any enemy that sets foot upon this free soil, and to plant our banners triumphantly upon every hill-top, from North to South, from East to West. What a stupendous obligation rests upon these teachers, and what a magnificent opportunity is dropped from the skies to fall at their feet; the privilege and power to mold this plastic material into the proper shape, so that the hand can hold the scepter and the brow can hold the crown of citizen kings. This demand for education should not become a danger. Mind must be kept in its proper relation to the rest of the boy. It is first, Will himself; it is second, Will's body; it is third, Will's mind. That must forever be the order. Character first; health sec-

ond; intellect last, but intellect not neglected. Finishing education in our schools means sometimes, alas! the finishing of the child. Work should not be too hard, hours should not be too many, rooms should not be too crowded, brains should not be too racked. The saddest sight on earth is the old-man boy and the old-woman girl. School must not burn up the exuberance of health, nor the force of character. This must be counted among dangers and a part of the fog. May this or no other stealthy enemy share in the destruction of the school power! May men learn more deeply the lesson that our public schools must be increased and preserved at all hazards and that their every enemy, secular or religious, must be routed! If smoke must come in the place of fog, we will have smoke. Bunker Hill and Gettysburg and Antietam, and many more, were too dear a price to pay for that which we possess to-day, to allow it ever to be taken away by the hand of the enemy.

To decide who was to hold and who was to occupy Chattanooga, was fought the battle of Chickamauga. General Thomas held the road which was the pivotal point, and the Graycoats

were coming upon him with unexampled fury. The Blue line had been broken. In that fearful hour of peril Rosecrans must have a message reach Thomas. The only possible way was through McFarland's Gap—a distance of eight miles. He commanded General Garfield and two or three orderlies to make that most dangerous journey. Without a moment's hesitation Garfield mounted his noble horse and started, as most of them thought, to his death. At any turn in the dark pathless wood or the river valley, they might come upon the enemy. At last the road was scarcely more than a lane; on the one side was a thick wood, and on the other side an open cotton field. No troops were in sight and they galloped at a rapid pace. Suddenly from out of the wood a volley of rifle balls, as thick as hail, fell among them. Horses were killed, and two orderlies were stretched lifeless on the ground. Garfield was mounted on a magnificent horse, which knew his master's hand. He instantly turned to the left and leaped the fence into the cotton field. The opposite side of the lane was lined with Longstreet's skirmishers and sharpshooters, and a single glance told him they were loading for another volley. Pressing his

lips firmly together he said to himself, "Now is your time. Be a man, James Garfield." He touched the rein, the trained beast heeded that touch, and with spurs in his side he took a zig-zag course across the cotton field. It was his only chance. A steady aim upon him meant death. It was up an inclined plain of about four hundred yards. If he could pass the crest he would be safe. But the Gray soldiers could load and fire twice in that time. Up the slope he went, when another volley thundered its deadly missiles all about him. His horse was struck, but the noble animal only leaped forward the faster. Another volley echoed along the hill when he was only halfway over the crest. He tore down the slope in triumph, when a small body of Bluecoats galloped forward to meet him. Colonel McCook shouted, "My God, Garfield! I thought you were killed certain. How you escaped is a miracle." He did not hesitate. Four miles more must be passed through plowed fields and tangled forests before he could reach Thomas. The wounded horse plunged forward with the spirit of a lion. At last Garfield came within sight of Thomas, while over him was sweeping a storm of leaden

fire. Shot and shell plowed up the ground, but, as he saw Thomas, he halted in the midst of the storm and with uplifted arm shouted, "There he is. God bless the old hero! He has saved the army." In a moment more the two men fell into each other's arms, while the noble horse, struck by another bullet, staggered a step or two and fell dead at their feet.

The public schools by the roadsides are pivotal points in the salvation of our great cities. O God, give us all the soul of the heroic general, and the martyred president and the enthroned Garfield!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BLACKNESS OF IMPURITY.

When the pure white garments of a winter's morning have been wrapped about our world by the attendants of nature, one of the most beautiful pictures is presented to the human vision, and even angels must look out of the windows of the upper world to see this copy of their white robes. Were there ever such purity and sparkling beauty on earth? When that little snowflake traveler makes its long journey from the skies to coat or fence or porch or street, it seems as if some of the crystal glory must have been brushed from the walls of the eternal city. It sparkles with dazzling brightness under the rays of the morning sun. It seems like one of ten thousand diamonds scattered in the pathway of the Queen of night. It is a very milky way of stars for human feet to tread. Every naked limb of tree even is transformed into a jewel-studded scepter, and crowns are placed upon many a lowly brow.

I saw the impurity of the city's streets completely hidden beneath the glory of these countless messengers of purity from the heavenly world. I paused at the midnight hour to be enraptured by such a wondrous transformation. I arose in the morning to find that amazing whiteness stained and the flashing jewels deadened. Already the smoke and dust and wind of the great city had begun to do their blackening deed. From cradle and country a vast amount of purity enters the city life. Real snowflake messengers from another world, but alas! alas! how quickly the evil forces of the destroyer cover them and mingle them with the foulness of impurity. The crystals of thought and word and deed are crushed beneath its cruel hoof and the wheels of its commerce. They are buried by its black dust and destroyed by its heartless servants. These hostile forces are the feet of the harpies of darkness, the rush of business through the streets, the scattered fragments of broken law, the soot of heart and brain factories, the mud of unjust discrimination.

This blackness of impurity in the great centers of population is beyond all human comprehension, and is something astounding to those who

have investigated the extent of this large part of the dominions of hell. An estimate of the number of the fortifications of this iniquity is impossible. An attempt to estimate the number of the so-called "abandoned" is folly. It is the blackest of all sin and is hidden in its own darkness, which is the darkness of perdition. In the lightning flashes of that cloud and the rumbling of its thunders some revelations are made. Thousands of wrecks are along the shore, thousands of victims are falling beneath its awful wave, thousands of pathetic cries are heard, and thousands of immortal souls are ruined. I have seen in the highest and lowest places of the city these harpies of darkness treading upon the purity of the innocent boys and girls, not willing to pause in their path of ruin until they had crushed out the whiteness of other lives. I have witnessed their diabolism with my own eyes, and have seen them luring innocency into that downward path and to the edge of that bottomless pit. These unhallowed fires must have fuel, and some of it is coming out of the best homes in city and country. His Satanic majesty must have the boys and girls, and how infinitely sad the thought that they might be ours. I walked

along the Bowery at one o'clock in the morning and saw scores and hundreds of these harpies inveigling the boys into their dens and educating the girls in their vice. Every method conceivable was used, from astonishing boldness to dove-like innocency. All the machinations of demon genius were displayed for the purpose of ruin. The spiders wove their webs in every direction, and the flies thought they were parlors. The streets were almost impassable because of this crowded, infernal purpose.

I saw her who was created as pure as an angel—made in the image and likeness of God—the last and best of His handiwork—fall so low as to be in the Chinese opium dens, to bury her purity in that deepest grave. Mine eyes almost refused to look upon our American girls in such depths. And some of them had stood upon the very heights of the social world before they fell into the chasm. I discovered that there were those who had come from the best of homes, and had taught in Sunday-schools the story of the Cross, and knew as well as I how to say "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." I heard such sob and say,

"Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell like a snowflake, from Heaven to Hell—
Fell, to be trampled as filth on the street—
Fell, to be scoffed at, spit on, and beat;
Praying, cursing, wishing to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy.
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;
Hating the living and fearing the dead."

The like is also true of many of the young men who frequent the vilest haunts of the city and whose associates at times are sickening. He is a lecherous scoundrel now who once folded his little hands at mother's knee and learned sweetest lessons from her pure lips and life. In the dance-hall or public hall is usually found the primary department of this school of vice. A Catholic priest has said that, "The secrets of the confessional revealed that nearly all the fallen women were victims of the dance." The Chief of Police in New York city has said, "Three-fourths of the abandoned girls of this city were ruined by dancing."

I have seen some results from these places which now make me the subject of old-fashioned chills and fever: chills of horror first and fever of indignation afterward. I am not writing concerning the parlor dance or graceful motions

of the body to the sounds of music, but of the dissolute dance of the hidden and public place. They were planned in the lower world, and the suggestion is working with tremendous effect on this planet. It is a whirl which becomes swifter and swifter until the victim is hurled over the precipice into the dark, foul depths of impurity from whence another Dante might get his illustrations for another "Inferno." These resorts are the homes of moral lepers, and at their touch the unsuspecting are made leprous. Vultures of black wing and bloody beak fly through the circles and squares. The associations are vile and the motives to be condemned. In high and low alike the most attractively dressed are the most conspicuously undressed. In some instances the skirts do not answer to the roll call of garments, and in others the upper dress does not respond. The first Baptist minister lost his head through this kind of dancing, but nevertheless I do not hesitate to cry out against it, and I declare first, last, and always that it is damnable and the very doorway to the houses of blackness of darkness.

Tennyson immortalized the charge of the Light Brigade. Only a few of the six hun-

dred came back from those Muscovite guns, and the fearful havoc was wrought in twenty-five minutes. The field was covered with dead and dying men and horses. That illustrates the short fight of life and the tremendous heat of the battle in the city, and how few come out unscarred. The increasing rush for gold, and the barbarous selfishness which forces young women to work in stores and factories for starvation wages, have much to do with the increase of the number of the fallen. Scarcely enough wages is paid to keep life in the body. How shall she clothe herself respectably? That is often the problem, and unsolved unless she has the courage of the greatest hero who ever fought on the blood-stained battlefields of earth. It is the business world itself in our modern cities which is responsible for the mingling of these snow crystals with the mud of the streets. The trucks of commerce are thundering their doom as the heavy wheels roll along the pavements. The beginning of ruin is often at the counter or machine, and the employer is indirectly and sometimes directly accountable. God pity the despairing soul in its struggle to keep its physical home pure! The mad rush for money has

destroyed many a father's opportunity in his home to save his own children from this terrible fate. The parental duty is forgotten. They neglected to give the counsel and the companionship and the care necessary to the safety of every family. The business of the city must be made to bow at the throne of character and render obeisance to the scepter of purity.

This whiteness is soiled also by the soot from heart and brain factories; heart and brain of self and heart and brain of others. What we are depends upon what we think, and what we think depends upon what we see and hear and read. The eyes that rest upon the impure pictures of paper, or card, or theater posters are the doorways to an evil heart. Many theaters, in picture and reality, are in the city the destroyers of all that is sweet and sacred in human hearts. Many pictorial papers and periodicals are the devil's arch-murderers of the pure. Many of the stories and expressions carried on the waves of earth's air, from some lips to other ears, are most disastrous in their results. Many of the newspapers, with their columns of scandal and crime, are the evil agencies which reach the greatest number and do the greatest harm.

These lengthened and embellished accounts of the lowest and vilest happenings are scattered by the million and at the lowest price. They lie on the house table and in the office and hotel and store and car, and "lie" everywhere. The toiler has that for his daily diet and never reads anything else. The idler feeds his hungry soul at its table and fairly gormandizes its poison, sweet to his taste. The popular literature of the newsstands to-day is stamped with the same characteristic of impurity and is a mighty factor in the education of the young. From all these brain and heart factories the soot falls upon city life and discolors it. The scattered fragments of broken law accomplish the same purpose—the evil is hidden, but it is moving on in triumph. The officials scarcely do anything toward its suppression, and many of these sworn to enforce this law are in complicity with its violators. When they say they are ignorant, they are guilty of the greatest negligence or basest falsehood; presumably the latter.

I have seen buildings six stories high and one hundred feet front, with a white card in every window and upon every door, "To Let"—but those cards had been there for five years and the

great building was swarming with the harpies of darkness and their consorts. The saloons have additions and upper stories. These houses stand on the streets by the score, known and unmolested. There are hotels by name which are the throne of the vile goddess. I believe in the gospel for the saving of every Magdalene, but the law is a part of the gospel. Tracts and missions can accomplish but little in this cleansing of human society, unless the Christian part of our world has power enough to insist upon the enforcement of the law. You might as well go in the jungle and pat a cobra on the neck as to touch most of this monster iniquity with anything else than the shotgun method.

Unrighteous discrimination comes in contact with the crystals of purity. In the white light of heaven's throne a man's sin appears precisely the same as a woman's, and impurity is as black upon Fifth Avenue as the Bowery. The world has two codes of morals, feminine and masculine, but that distinction is not recognized in the other world. Gender has no right to destroy justice. The vials of wrath are poured upon the heads of unfortunate women while the most royal welcome is given to the man who is notori-

ously unclean. That is the accursed creed of this hour. Injustice, injustice, basest injustice! Hiss at the woman—but kiss the man! The poor woman who has been sent out to shame by a single misstep is despised by modern society. Her masculine companion may be a moral leper beneath his broadcloth, and yet soft hands clasp his and bright eyes look into his and rosy lips welcome him into the best homes of the city. If womankind errs from the path of purity, even her own sex look upon her with the meanest hatred. The verdict of this world is that "The cruelest thing on God's green earth is one woman to another." Shame! shame! a thousand times shame! this sad condition and its unmeasured evil in society! To call her "abandoned" is unchristian and criminally unjust. Souls may be lost, but they may be found. Whittier's "Cry of the Lost Soul" is true. The traveler in the South American forest heard the cry, and was told by his guide, "It is not a bird; it is the cry of a lost soul":

"Dim burns the boat-lamp; shadows deep and round,
From giant trees with snake-like creepers wound,
And the black water glides without a sound.
But in the traveler's heart a secret sense

Of nature plastic to benign intents,
And, an eternal good in Providence,
Lifts to the starry calm of Heaven his eyes;
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies.
"Father of all," he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all; thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee.
All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence which is everywhere,
Nor Hell itself can hide, for Thou art there."

Six members of the New York Legislature were recently arrested one night in the same house of ill-fame. The courts excused them, and every reception room in the Empire State is open to them—but what of their associates in sin? They are convicted by the courts and forever abandoned by society, and even neglected by the Church of Christ who Himself lifted their sisters from the depths into which they had fallen and bade his followers to seek and save all the lost, even those whom a heartless world and an unjust society ostracize.

In the story of the "Scarlet Letter," Hester Prynne wears the scarlet letter on her breast, and all the village knew it, while Mr. Dimmesdale wears the scarlet letter hidden by his garments, but burned into his bosom, and bears his

shame in his own heart. And that story closes at the last, coming not to its tragical, but to its resplendent conclusion. He who has struggled with the threatened public shame so long conquers himself and goes up into the very pillory where once she stood alone in her disgrace, and, standing by her side, holds the child of their vice by the hand, and confesses his sin before all those that had done him honor and reverenced his very footprints. When the man takes his stand in the pillory by the side of the woman and the scarlet letter is on the breast of the one as on the breast of the other, and both alike bear the shame, we shall find the remedy. When those human hounds dragged the sinner into Christ's presence and wanted to tear her frail form into shreds and hurl stones at her until death should change her torment into the torture of demons, the divine lips carried condemnation to their own hearts when He said: "Dare not throw a single stone at her until you yourselves are perfectly clean." His loving eye turned upon the unfortunate soul left alone in His presence. "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." Oh, infinite pity! oh, love of the Cross! to hate sin but to love the sinner. The

snowflake falls into the impurity of earth, but the forces of the upper world draw it back again into the clouds. So it may be with this whiteness of the immortal soul.

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen;
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SMOKE OF FACTORIES.

I STOOD on an elevation overlooking the city, and beheld the great black clouds of smoke which arose from ten thousand chimneys and covered its seething life like the darkness of a shroud. They settled down upon shining dome and chiseled granite, and lofty steeple and beautiful building, and majestic ship and arching bridge, until they were almost hidden from vision and all their splendor was forgotten in the thought of that other cloud of smoke; just as real, just as black, and far more destructive of beauty and life than that which rose above the factories and fell upon the city like a pall: the smoke which issues from the imprisoned fires of the human heart instead of the iron furnace. The factory smoke above the city tells of the fire beneath the brick and stone struggling to break its shackles and burst through those prison bars

and destroy the entire city itself, in one vast conflagration. The other smoke tells the same story of raging fires beneath, only hindered in that work of ruin by strongest guards; the cement and stone of law and custom hinder the furious fires from shooting forth their hungry tongues and licking up the last remnants of the sacred and the beautiful. I stood above the clouds and from that height I saw God's sky, cloudless and resplendent with its sapphire glory. The music of the upper world gave me the key-note, and I sang with Robert Browning:

> "Meanwhile, if I stoop
> Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
> It is but for a time; I pressed God's lamp
> Close to my breast—its splendor, soon or late,
> Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day!
> You understand me? I have said enough."

In this great laboratory of nature I analyzed some of this factory smoke, and discovered one of its elements to be a false impression of labor. It works an immeasurable amount of evil among the so-called workingmen to have them designated by that term. He is not only a workingman who toils with his hands; he works just as much, and most often with a greater strain, who

works with his brains or his heart. If the one man does sweat outside, the other man sweats inside. It is work to push a pen as well as a plane; to study the markets as well as swing the hammer; to save men as well as to sew their garments. One of the breezes which will clear our air of some of this sooty smoke is every man's respect for every other man's labor, respect of the man who works with his hands for the man who works with his brain; and the man who works with his brain is never to look down upon the calloused hand. He who stands by the factory machine breathes the atmosphere of discontent, because of envy of the man at his desk, or in his study, whom he supposes to receive more than his share of bread, and that without earning it. It is an utterly false and hostile idea of labor. Brain & Co. do successful business because they always toil more than ten hours a day, and never strike; if they do, they fail. Work is work without regard to the tools a man uses. That spring of truth with its surrounding grass and flowers would be an oasis in the desert of modern society. Its shade tree would be the fact that work is man's best friend instead of his greatest enemy. Labor walks by

man's side day by day as his guardian angel; it is the protector of his entire nature; body, mind, and soul are only safe in its presence. It holds a glistening sword between the man and his tempter. The path to ruin is the path of idleness.

In this factory smoke I discovered the existence of murderous perils. There are fire-traps of buildings, which ought to be torn down by the hands of government, and the erection of their like forever forbidden. They stand by the side of our streets, waiting for the opportune moment in which to bring sudden and awful death to their unsuspecting victims. Many of these factory buildings were planned by the architects of hell, and built by greedy and blood-stained h ⁱs of earth. The least that could be done for the toiling thousands would be to throw about them safety, while bearing the burdens of those long hours. Rarely does the question of good ventilation enter into the plans. The foulest air most often is there breathed by men, women, and children until this sure poison has done its deadly work, and the death certificate tells a cruel falsehood. The unseen murderer is constantly pushing his way through the crowded institutions into sweat-shops and tene-

ment houses, and furnishing a large part of the work for undertakers and grave-diggers. If the history of the Potter's Field could be written, one of its first chapters would be, "The Factory Victims." There are certain kinds of factory work which of themselves are known to shorten life. Particles of the material used furnish the strychnine and the belladonna. Much of this homicide might be, and ought to be, prevented by expense and skill. The utmost effort in a society which is called human is not too great to be exercised in this humane work.

It is time that a compulsory education was instituted for the teaching of employers and officials. The alphabet in that school should be that a human body is of infinitely more value than all the wood or stone of forest and mountain; that human blood is worth more than a building of diamonds or the most precious materials from the miner's hand; that a creature made in the image and likeness of God is more precious than the palace of God itself.

The analysis found also an evil independence in the smoke. Every man is dependent on the other man. That is a truth as old as the lead pencil in the Boston Museum which Noah used

to check off the animals with when they entered the Ark. Independence is absolutely impossible, much less the independence between employer and employee. By ignoring this fundamental truth in society, a large part of the difficulties now existing in the factory world is caused.

A factory-owner in Brooklyn said, "I take no interest in my men, because they do not take any interest in me. There is not a man of them who would not leave me in the lurch to-morrow, if he could get five cents more a day from some other man." The clock in his office had not ticked away fifteen minutes of time, before one of his men in the other room said, in the same ear, "We do not care anything about his interests, because he would let us all go to-morrow, if he could get other men to work for five cents less a day." The cloud settled down until it touched the very roof of that institution and shut out the larger part of heaven's light. The employer's welfare is wrapped up in the welfare of his employees; and the employees are dependent upon the interest of the employer. When the capitalist owned the laborer, that was slavery. When the capitalist owned the land to which the laborer was attached, that was feudalism.

When that system was abolished, the wages system was substituted. One class of men owns the tools, and another class of men works with the tools. The relation between these two classes—the one which owns the tools, and the one which works with them—is the labor question. No sharp line can be drawn between them, because of the innumerable cross-lines which create a blessed dependence. Nor is it true that a few men own all the tools and the many do all the work.

There are eighteen thousand employees on the Pennsylvania Railroad and nineteen thousand stockholders. The savings of the workman are invested in the tools of industry. The workman may be the owner of one tool while working with that of another. This intermingling helps to create this interdependence. The one class is most vitally related to the other class. The interests of one, in the last analysis, are the interests of the other. The welfare of society depends largely upon this just recognition. The chain that binds humanity together cannot thus be hammered and cut with impunity. He is the enemy of society and his own greatest enemy who recently said, in the spirit of his

Satanic Majesty, "If you employed on a large scale, you would soon find that you ceased to look at your men as men. They are simply so much producing power. I don't propose to abuse them, but I've no time even to remember their faces, much less their names." That spirit was born in perdition and is implanted in the hearts of thousands, and is working out into one of the greatest evils of the present day. This evil independence and disregard of our fellow-men causes some of the blackest smoke in our sky. Side by side with it floats the darkness of injustice. What is more needed in the social world than justice? There is a tendency to substitute philanthropy for justice.

The debtor calls himself a saint because he is so generous, but he has simply been paying his debts. Let those debts be paid in the name of honesty, rather than charity. Manhood does not want charity, but it craves and deserves justice. It has more value in it than anything else for the removal of destitution, distress, and despair. Just treatment, just hours, just wages, just surroundings, just everything, instead of unjust almsgiving. It is the one simple remedy;

it is the only adequate medicine; it is a positive preventive.

"All hail the dawn of a new day breaking,
When a strong armed nation shall take away
The weary burdens from backs that are aching
With maximum work and minimum pay.

"When no man is honored who hoards his millions;
When no man feasts on another's toil;
And God's poor, suffering, starving billions
Shall share His riches of sun and soil.

"There is gold for all in the world's broad bosom,
There is food for all in the world's great store;
Enough is provided, if rightly divided;
Let each man take what he needs—no more.

"Shame on the miser with unused riches,
Who robs the toiler to swell his hoard;
Who beats down the wage of the digger of ditches,
And steals the bread from the poor man's board.

"Shame on the owner of mines whose cruel
And selfish measures have brought him wealth;
While the ragged wretches who dig his fuel
Are robbed of comfort, and hope, and health.

"Shame on the ruler who rides in his carriage,
Bought by the labor of half-paid men—
Men who are shut out of home and marriage,
And are herded like sheep in a hovel pen."

Carlyle says, "Justice, Justice: woe betides us everywhere when, for this reason or for that, we

fail to do justice. No beneficence, benevolence, or other virtuous contribution, will make good the want, and in what a rate of terrible geometrical progression, far beyond our poor computation, any act of injustice, once done by us, grows; rooting itself ever anew, spreading ever anew, like a banyan tree—blasting all life under it, for it is a poison tree. There is but one thing needed for the world; but that one is indispensable. Justice, Justice, in the name of Heaven, give us Justice, and we live; give us only counterfeits of it, or succedanea for it, and we die."

We repeat his prayer at the very foot of the Cross, and after our Amen we say, "May the sun of that day speedily rise in our sky when there shall be a just sharing in the profits of toil by the means of co-operation or some other Heaven-dictated plan for the relief of the toiling millions, now under the scepter of cruel-hearted injustice." When one man gets immensely rich, and the other man gets starvingly poor in the same factory, something is criminally wrong.

In the recent great strike in the clothing factories and sweat-shops, basest injustice was revealed. It was a strike for life. No, not for life, but a mere existence. The daily paper said of

these oppressed people: "They are sordid. What little money they get they take home to their families. They seem never to realize that the first instinct of a real freeman should be to drown injustice and make himself as happy as a plutocrat. They stand about with yellow faces and rather suspicious looks. Nearly all have gray hairs, even the younger men. Few live to be white-headed. They are pale, thin, and hollow-chested. A policeman of average size can push five or six of them along quite comfortably. Please get into your mind the picture of thousands of men, who are never well fed, never well housed, never able to save anything, never free from care, never treated with kindness or even humanity. Remember that they live on this island, have the right to vote as you have, and may need to be taken into account some fine day."

A pale-faced, intelligent workman said: "I have sat for twenty-eight years at the machine, working from ten to sixteen hours a day. It is hard on the nerves. Few men stand it as I have done. They die of consumption. I am forty-six, and you see how gray I am. Of course, I am very strong, as you see. You did not see one

man as big as I am among the strikers." That was true. The talking striker was as big as a big policeman, with a chest that had been powerful before the machine made it shrink, and a face unusually strong. He was an exceptional striker, chosen spokesman because he could talk best for the others. "We shall win this strike," he said. "Of course we must win. We have India-rubber stomachs. Strikers with India-rubber stomachs cannot be beaten. If we get nothing to eat, our stomachs shrink a little more. Our children's stomachs learn to do the same." He did not talk in any tone of passion or of exaggeration. There is among the strikers an unfortunate Oriental tendency to exaggerate their sorrows and thus weaken the sympathy of more exact, cold-blooded Westerners. This man was free from the tendency. "Our main trouble lies in the fact that our work is learned too easily. In our trade a man can be taught to be useful as a presser in three days. This means that you can get all the pressers you want from immigrant ships. Other branches of the work can be taught in three weeks. I am a skilled mechanic. I earn the highest wages paid

in the union. All that I know can be learned as well as I know it in six months. Work is so plentiful that manufacturers no longer make up great stocks in advance. What they want is made on short notice, and we have nothing to do outside of the busiest season.

"The middlemen, in our opinion, make our lives miserable. They get whatever profit the workmen might make from the great dealers and they put in the capital. A big house wants five thousand garments. The middleman says, 'I will make them for a dollar and a half a piece.' He does it, he hires us, and he must squeeze that work out of us in addition to his profit. The big dealers say they cannot be bothered dealing with the individual workman, and they must have a sweater on whom they can rely. I suppose that is so. But if they would take the trouble to hire us directly, we could live at the rate they pay. There is not enough for us and the middlemen to live on. Sometimes the middlemen have almost as hard a time to make a living by sweating us as we do by working. Woman's work is a bad thing, of course; it adds to the over supply of labor. About wages, our work is all divided.

Each man does a small part of the garment. That is what makes it so easy to teach a man the trade. No wide knowledge is required.

"The principal man is the operator. He sits all day at the sewing machine. He sews up the coats that are given to him basted and ready. He gets, under the rule for which we are fighting, $15.00 a week for working ten hours a day. Counting the dull times, he may make $9.00 a week through the year, if he is a good operator and machine hand. The operators supply most of the consumptives. They all get to spitting blood, and a great many are crippled with rheumatism because of the constant working of the hands and feet. The baster, who prepares the coats for the operator, is paid $13.00 a week at union rates. He can average $8.00, if a good man. The presser is paid $10.00 a week and averages $7.00. The man finisher gets $9.00 a week and averages $6.00. He bastes edges and armholes, and fixes up little things. The fell-hand fells the coat; that is, she does the little finishing touches that must be done by hand, puts on buttons, and does a little sewing here and there. She averages $3.00 a week and is paid

$5.00 under the union. Little boys and girls pull bastings for $2.00 a week. The girls who work as fell hands range from sixteen to twenty-six years of age." He continued, "I do not suppose that anyone thinks that the present system will last. Machinery and the number of unemployed grow together day by day. The man unemployed becomes a drunkard, a thief, a tramp. There are a million and a half of tramps in America. There will be millions more, if things go on. Something will have to be done. The rich will realize this and do it. I suppose that everything will be run by the government as by a big corporation, and that statistics will decide how much work each man must do. Men will be cared for when they are too old to work. There are enough bread and clothing in the country for everybody. I do not believe that anybody objects to having it distributed in return for labor, if he himself can have as much as he ever did. But all that is a long way off. Just now we want to win this strike and get an average pay of $6.80 a week six months in the year."

A consumptive, round-shouldered, grave-seek-

ing man, with despair on every feature, held up before me in his skeleton fingers a man's coat, which he had just finished. I asked how much he had received for the making of that garment, and he replied, "Sixteen cents." I looked at him and at the miserable surroundings of that infernal sweat-shop, and then raised my eyes heavenward and cried, "Oh, my God, touch this most cruel injustice of earth with Thy almighty scepter, and command it in the name of civilization and Christianity to forever depart." A friend said to me, "Out of that coat a certain rich manufacturer makes his immense wealth." I replied, "Yes, but his carriages roll over and his horses trample upon a pavement of human flesh, and his palace is built out of human skeletons, and his wife's diamonds are condensed human blood." In many of our factories the sharpened needle and other implements are piercing through human fingers into human hearts and drawing the last drop of life's blood from human veins. Oh, Justice, Justice! come to the throne in thy own name, by thy own right.

I discovered in this chemical analysis a white slavery:

"Slavery aint o' nairy color,
'Taint the hide that makes it wus;
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jest to make him fill its pus."

I have heard the snap of the crimson lash above human backs in the factories of the North, as distinctly and as cruelly as it was ever heard above the back of the black on the plantations of the South. The slave of the South never knew at least some of the bitterness of the slave in the North. In poverty-stricken quarters I saw a mother and daughter, with pale faces and broken hearts, without a relative upon earth, compelled to earn their bread in that factory branch. They were making men's pants, at the devil's price of $1.50 per dozen pair. By furnishing their own thread and their own heat for pressing, and their own machine for sewing, they could make six or eight pair in a day and a part of the night. The winter's wind whistled through the shattered old building and I heard its mournful sound, singing:

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the ' Song of the Shirt.'

" Work, work, work,
While the cock is crowing aloof,
And work, work, work,
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It's oh, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work.

" Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.

. . . . .

" Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

" But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone ?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fast I keep ;
O God, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.

" Work, work, work,
My labor never flags ;

And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank,
For sometimes falling there.
Work, work, work,
From weary chime to chime.
Work, work, work,
As prisoners work for crime."

One woman recently said: "I don't see how anybody can much longer keep soul and body together." "We don't," said one of the other women, turning suddenly. "I got rid of my soul long ago, such as it was. Who's got time to think about souls, grinding away here fourteen hours a day to turn out contract goods? 'Taint souls that count. It's bodies that can be driven and half starved and driven still, till they drop in their tracks. I would try the river if I was not driving to pay a doctor's bill for my three that went with the fever. Before that I was driving to put food in their mouths. I never owed a cent to no man. I have been honest and paid as I went, and done a good turn when I could. Had I chosen the other thing while I had a pretty face of my own, I would

have had ease and comfort and a quick death. The river's the best place, I'm thinking, for them that wants ease. Such a life as this is not living." "She don't mean it," the first speaker said apologetically; "she knows there is better times ahead." "Yes, the kind you will find in the next room. Take a look in there, man, and then tell me what we are going to do." In the next room was found a pantaloon maker, huddled in an old shawl, finishing the last of a dozen, which, when taken back, would give her money for fire and food. She had been ill for three days. The bed was an old mattress on a drygoods box in the corner, and save for the chair on which she sat, and the stove, the room was empty. "Even that," she said, with a glance at the miserable bed, "is more than I had for a long while. I pawned everything before my husband died, except the machine."

Such slavery and its companion poverty are the mother of despair, grim, sullen, and stupefying. Such slavery mocks American liberty and calls it a farce. Such slavery makes it not the land of the free, but it is still the home of the brave. There are also other shackles in the factories

which are placed upon human hands and feet, and which destroy freedom. The leaders among the workingmen are sometimes their worst enemies, by being their most oppressive masters. Where men are compelled to do that which is against their will and in face of the starvation of family, it is no longer freedom. If a man cannot work when he wills, he is a slave. If a selfish, unwise leader can force hundreds of men to drop their tools, and they in turn forbid other men to pick up those tools, the sweet sound of liberty is drowned in that clamor and noise of oppression. There is a necessity for unions which foster righteous effort in this struggle for the alleviation of misery connected with our present system. But alas! alas! the unions and the leaders are often the fires beneath the surface which make the black sooty cloud to rise.

May the blood of Bunker Hill and Gettysburg not have been in vain! May liberty touch every square inch of space in all our factories and every grain of sand upon all this land, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific slope! I saw in the factory the Carpenter of Nazareth standing at His bench and bearing the same burdens as

His toiling fellow-men; nerves aching and muscles strained; and as He pushed the plane, I heard Him say, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

CHAPTER X.

THE GLOOM OF THE PRISON CELL.

THE darkness of a prison cell is midnight gloom. The feeble rays of light that steal through iron bars are only a mockery. All the brightness of life has taken its flight from the captives' cell and the captives' soul. The sweet sound of liberty is still echoing in the heart and making the sound of clanking chains more unbearable. The saddest despair ever stamped upon human countenance is written on the face which hides itself from the eyes of others, in the shadows of the cell. Within these great gates and high walls is seen the wreckage of saloon and brothel and gambling den. Here you behold the lowest strata of society and the downward possibilities of creatures made in the image and likeness of God. You cannot but wonder if that was written of them. The bottom has been reached when out of the depths of sin

and crime, out of the very gutters of the city, men and women are dragged and dumped in the city jail. Hundreds every day in these cities are carried in the very arms of sin, and laid upon stone floors and iron beds where there can be no rest for souls born to freedom and righteousness and heaven. The wreck of the good ship at sea is sad, but the wrecks against the rocks of Raymond Street jail and the Tombs are infinitely more sad and incalculably more disastrous.

I have walked through the corridors of the jails and penitentiary and into the dark cells, and have shuddered and saddened at the sight of the power of sin. I have seen that fiendish giant with his one hand resting upon the shoulder of the most highly educated person and with his other hand resting upon the shoulder of the most ignorant specimen of humanity. I have seen him stalking through the corridors, across the stone floors of the jails and penitentiaries, with one hand clasped in the hand of royalty and the other clasped in the hand of the lowest of the slums. Here is seen the evidence of the power which sin has over the life of the most highly cultured; the power there is in sin to drag that life down to the lowest depths.

As I stood and preached the gospel of Jesus Christ to eight hundred prisoners in the penitentiary, I looked into the faces of twelve bank presidents, and cashiers and bookkeepers enough to fully equip six large banks. I stood looking into the faces of a score of postmasters and men from other official positions. I talked to men who had come from the highest schools of learning in this country and in the Old World. The chaplain carried in his hand a package which contained the New Testament in Greek for the son of a German baron, and a Vergil in Latin for the son of an English lord, and a primer for a man thirty years of age. From the highest rounds of the ladder down to the very lowest they had come to companionship with those most ignorant on earth.

I stood by the side of a man who was introduced to me as coming from the State of Virginia. I marked him as a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and a man whose life had not long been stained with the dye of sin. I had witnessed in his face already something which told the tearful story. Forty years of age; a little family down in Virginia; and when I mentioned the children his heart nearly broke. I

said to those men, "Don't you remember how the boys and girls used to come up to you and place their little hands on your knees and look into your face and tell the sweet story of love?" nearly half the audience were in tears. It melted them right down to think of the old home down in Virginia, and the old home in Texas, and the old home in Brooklyn. I said to this man from Virginia, "I understand you are a Baptist." He said, "Yes." But he did not wish to talk about it. He said, "Yes, I am a Baptist, a Baptist deacon; lived and worked for the Church; but oh, I made a fatal mistake." "Well," I said, "the Lord Jesus Christ is at this moment right at your side. If you ever loved Him you know what it means, and you can go back to His dear arms when you get beyond the boundaries of this prison life; you can begin your life-work for Christ over again." "Yes," he said, with a deep sigh, but the poor prisoner was conscious that his whole life was blasted and all the future was simply a blank, and that he was abandoned by society.

I said to the chaplain, "Who is that large, portly, splendid-looking man in front?" He

said he was once a member of the Methodist church, he was a class-leader, lived for the Church and gave his life for the Church. So, all over that great body of men, the finger could be pointed to those who were once high in life and high in the service of God; but now chains have been fastened to them and they tell the story of crime and the tremendous power of sin.

I saw, coming into the jails, the very lowest strata of humankind. To witness the power of sin in human life, walk through the corridors of the city jail where in a single morning a hundred and fifty men and women made in the image and likeness of God are dumped. Some of their faces tell the story that life had not always been thus; and some of them reveal plainly that from the cradle to that very moment life had been in the companionship of demons.

I saw in the Tombs in a small hall fifty women herded together. It is sad for a man to be in jail, but it is unbearable to see womankind brought to that level. There were all nationalities and colors. With hands on the grating, with eyes almost of a maniac, a young woman dressed in queenly style looked out and told the story, in

every expression of her face, that she had once been in a good home, but step by step she had made her way down to that level, where by her side stood one of the lowest and most sin-stained specimens of humankind. Undoubtedly, some day some mother had looked over into the cradle at her baby form and kissed her sweet little cheek—the sweetest kiss of life—and said, "That is the purest innocence this side of Heaven." From that very cradle she had walked step by step, down, down, down, until she had reached the very bottom when she struck the Tombs' floor.

Boys are carried from the streets for petty crimes, or no crimes at all, and thrown into the city jail, because there is not a place in the city of Brooklyn ten feet square where a boy under twelve years of age, found homeless on the streets, can be placed to-night, except in jail. There you find them. I saw them there, innocent specimens, arrested for running away from home—a drunkard's home; brought in for stealing some coal for the family fire, and for various small offenses. Fifty boys I found in the Tombs of New York city; some of them two or

three in a single narrow cell; one of that three deep-dyed in criminality, the others perhaps confined there for the first offense, and yet there in companionship with others to be educated for greater crime, when once they have passed through these iron doors to freedom again. More ought to be done to rescue and redeem the boys in the streets, and the boys committing their first offense, and the boys without home or friend. This is a part of the solution of the great problem of criminality.

In the city of Chicago recently, a criminal, just about to meet the result of his offense at the gallows, said to the chaplain an hour before he was to be hanged, " I want to tell you something, but you must never tell my friends. This is not my right name. I came from a good home, a large home, and a Christian home. I have a father living now; his gray head is bowed in sorrow over me; he thinks I am in England. I have one brother and one sister living, and they don't know where I am. Mother is dead. I plead with you now, as I tell you my right name, never to let them know that their son and brother died on the gallows. I am deep-dyed in criminality, and I meet this execution bravely, and

deserve it; but when I was a mere boy, eight years of age, I went forward in a Methodist church and asked for prayers, for in my deepest soul I wanted to be a Christian. My father dragged me out of the church and declared that I was too young, and if I ever tried that again until he said it was time for me to be a Christian, he would thrash me. My father is largely responsible, after all, for my position. I might have done much upon earth for others, instead of doing that which dragged them down. I might have been a saved man myself if I had only been allowed to go, and had been kept by parental power in the very presence of all that was good instead of being thrust out to do that which was bad." In a little time the gallows did its work. The bloody execution was witnessed, and they carried him out into the Potter's field of Chicago, and his old father is now in Michigan, waiting for his son to come home.

Oh, fathers and mothers and Christian people! in the name of humanity and the name of God, make your very best effort for the salvation of the boys. At the source you can do most for the purification of the stream. I have heard, in our very courts of justice, the echo of injustice.

There is injustice done to some of the prisoners. That which is making for lowering instead of elevating is being done when men are dragged out of the gutters, full of filth and vermin, and thrust into jail, and compelled to be there thirty days without changing a single thread of their clothing, and with scarcely any, after all, to be changed. Men are in jail for thirty days, and never a drop of water rests upon their skin. The county, for the sake of humanity and civilization and Christianity, should spend some money to afford and to compel a change of garments. It is this very education from which men graduate into the deepest crime. If a man is allowed to be thirty days in that condition in Raymond Street jail, he will come out a deeper-dyed criminal than when he entered. The county ought to furnish a hose, and then it ought to furnish a club, and compel a man to wash himself at least once in thirty days.

Then there is the injustice done by the bringing of all criminals into contact, one with the other. This is especially true of women prisoners. I saw a hundred women in the corridors, all day together, and eight or ten at night in a

room together. Some of them were not guilty; some of them were just stained; some of them deep-dyed, and some of them saturated with sin and crime. A tear-stained penitent and the most hardened life of impurity and drunkenness are herded together. What contrasts in faces! What histories are written upon them. One of sorrow and despair; one of a demon smile. There is injustice also along the line of delay of trial. I have been astounded and righteously indignant, that there should be women and men brought into jail and allowed to stay there for weeks and almost months without a trial, not knowing whether they were guilty or not. If there was ever injustice upon the face of the earth, it is there. I saw myself one woman in Raymond Street jail, who had been there for weeks, absolutely innocent, awaiting trial, and her home was in mourning for mother and wife; the barbarous woman who had caused her arrest was wearing her lost watch a week, while the guiltless woman was behind prison bars with the deepest-dyed criminals. If there ever was injustice this side of hell, that is injustice. "Change of politics," they said to me. I care not if they change every throne on the face of

the earth, that cruelty ought never to take place in a civilized land.

The subject of criminality is not so foreign to ourselves as we imagine. Old Dr. Johnson, when he was paying his respects to Mrs. Porter, came to her and told her he was not worthy of her. He said, he hated to undertake such a difficult task as to ask her to be his wife. "Why," he said, "I haven't any beauty, and that you can see; I haven't any money, and that you know; I haven't any royalty, and that you know, but to be plain with you, I have at least one uncle who has disgraced the family by being hanged." "Well," said Mrs. Porter, "I haven't any good looks, and that you can see; I haven't any money, and that you know; I haven't any uncles that have been hanged, but I have a half dozen that ought to be." The jail is not so distant, and injustice is of vital interest to everybody. Can any man own a house or one square foot of ground and not be interested to know how many hundreds of thousands of dollars every year the criminals of the city take from the righteous citizens' pocket; not by breaking into your house, perhaps, and taking your personal property at the midnight hour, or by picking

your pocket, but by making you pay toward the millions of taxes for trials, for judges, for lawyers, for jails, for everything about criminal life. Every man and woman must be intensely interested for that reason. It touches the most sensitive spot. The heart is not the most tender; it is the purse. Can there be ten to fifteen millions of dollars gathered every year in these two cities as taxes for criminals, and a citizen not be affected by it? Can there be one hundred and fifty men in this city and hundreds in New York city dragged out of the gutters and dens of vice and hurled into the jails, and their fellow-men not be affected by it? Can boys and girls live in the center of criminality and not be touched by it? The jail and penitentiary affect every man, woman, and child most vitally; the thermometer of your civilization and of your social conditions is the stone wall of your jail.

I saw in these institutions hand shackled to hand; three men manacled together, one in the center and one on either side, and I said, "That is an illustration of the most vital truth, in many respects, connected with the subject of criminality. They are brought here by virtue of

being shackled to bad associations and evil companions. And they are continuing in that kind of life, and are destined to go out of here and repeat precisely the same kind of acts. Shackled, yes shackled to bad companions. One man, with the deepest sorrow, and with tears running down his cheeks, and memory still echoing Tennyson's lines in his soul:

" The wild pulsations I felt before the strife,
When I had my days before me, and the tumult of my life :
Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

said, " The circumstances of my life, which I now reap, came from the seed which I sowed. They have torn my flesh, and I bled, but I might have known if I sowed such seed, I should reap such a harvest. Out of the best home, the purest of motherhood, the noblest of fatherhood, in boyhood I started with the brightest of prospects in life. I entered life with bad companions and grew to manhood with bad companions; I associated with those companions, until now I am a convict behind the bars, a total wreck. I will write my life for you with just one word,

D-E-S-P-A-I-R. Can you understand," said he, "what it means for a man to be a physical, mental, and moral suicide? That is me. I have passed through the best of my life, and in despair, and with life crushed out of my body, I am behind the bars!" It was the saddest sight, sufficient even to make silence in the lower world, and tears in heaven.

I saw in the corridors of the Tombs in New York city a motto on the walls—I took out my book and wrote it down. "Many kings have been slain by intemperance." I said, "Yes, they have told me that story; the keepers and wardens have told me that story; the chaplains have told me that story." The letters looked crimson on the wall. A broken-hearted man said, "I started wrong and allowed the appetite of drink to rule this physical frame. I fought like a hero to overcome it and I thought I had gained the victory, but then again the appetite overcame me. Whisky seemed to control me, body and soul and spirit, and then I went down into criminality. Step by step, step by step, I have gone down, down, down, through the pathway of drunkenness until my whole life now is completely blasted. Now I am abandoned by

society, abandoned by the world, abandoned by Heaven, and only waiting for hell." What ruin! Chains of ruin first, and then chains of crime.

Almost without exception women enter the jails through drunkenness. Most men are brought there through that same pathway. Intemperance is responsible for seventy-five per cent. of the crime, according to the statistics. Three-quarters of the criminality is traceable to the saloon. With hands on the bars of the cell, and eyes of desperation staring almost out of their sockets, stood one of the greatest criminals ever committed to Raymond Street jail, waiting for his trial for two offenses he had committed. Many times he had been committed to this jail. The first time he came to Raymond Street jail so great were his audacity and his daring that he cut a hole in the bottom of the wagon that was carrying him there and escaped. The first time he was incarcerated in Kings County Penitentiary, with a keeper at one end of the corridor watching his cell and a keeper at the other end of the corridor watching his cell, in the night time with the iron bars in front of him, and at the fourth corridor, he escaped, and they did not find him. There he is again with a look of despair, his

hands grasping the iron bars of the grating. He told the same story. "I am all right until I get the demon, Drink, in possession of my life, and then I am a criminal from head to foot. If I could only stop drinking, I would be all right. Oh, if I could only get those shackles from my wrists now," he said, "but every time I get out, before I know it, the appetite has me, and then I am drunk again and ready for any sort of crime."

Whisky will inflame and excite a man and make him insane, so that he will commit almost any crime. And beer, according to one of the highest medical journals in the world, has this effect upon man and makes the most criminals; it hardens, gradually hardens his entire life, until he becomes capable of committing any offense in cold blood. That is the difference. The saloons are directly responsible for seventy-five per cent. of the criminals. The majority of these lawbreakers are from twenty to thirty years of age. They come up through the pathway of evil companionship and intemperance, until they get to be of age, and then they are confirmed criminals. I have named the large brass key that turns the locks in the heavy iron

doors of the jail, "W-I-L-L." I know that you are making excuses for criminals, under the plea that they are in this condition by virtue of heredity. I know you say that Margaret, chief of the criminals, born up in one of the counties of this country, for six generations by her impure family life sent out into the world a vast number of criminals. In six generations she had nine hundred descendants, two hundred of these descendants were imprisoned, and almost the entire number remaining were either idiots or imbeciles in lunatic asylums or drunkards in the almshouses. I know what one man said recently: "Do you know why you or anybody else cannot do anything with me?" He said, "You other men had fathers and mothers who brought you up under religious influence. I had a drunken fiend for a mother." Yes, I know it. But back of all the power of heredity, back of all the power which is thrown about a man's life by virtue of his surroundings, I still hold as the chief element in manhood, and that which is always on the throne of a man's life, is—Will. Next to the omnipotence of God is the will of man. Every young man or woman who walks

to jail side by side with a policeman, and is passed from there some day to the penitentiary, goes there by virtue of his own will.

A little fellow under twelve years of age talked to me from behind the bars. He was a bright-looking boy and small for his age. It made my heart ache. I could not help but brush back at least one tear as I stood looking at his tear-stained face. I said to him, "How did you come here?" He said, "I ran away from home." And then I found out that he had run away from a drunkard's home. And then I said, "Did you ever do that before?" He said, "No, but one of the boys told me it would be a good thing to do, and he said he would go with me; but after we went away he ran away and left me, and then the officers found me on the streets." I gave him the best sympathy I had, and on turning round I saw the warden smiling, who said to me, "He is educated young. Every mother's son of them says the same thing —the other fellow did it; but it was not the other fellow, because everyone can do as he pleases, after all." And then I remembered the hardened criminal who looked through the bars at me and declared that whisky had done it all

for him, and in the course of his remarks said, showing his manhood, "I am not going to make any excuse for my present position. It was whisky that put me here, but it was my lips that took the whisky." With all the power that this world can throw about a man's life to drag him down, with *will* as king, he is a *can* man.

Young men were given the privilege in the city to live without work. They indulged in dress, they squandered time, and paralyzed brain and killed body and destroyed soul. In that idle life they planted the seeds from which were reaped the tares of a prison life. If a father's ideal is to allow his boy to live in idleness, he ought to be sent to jail himself. "The devil always finds something for idle hands to do." Some time ago, on Fifth Avenue in New York city a horse became balky. There was a little snow on the street, and a large crowd gathered around the driver of that horse and strove as best they could to make him move. But he simply stationed his feet and was evidently determined to stand there forever. The driver pounded him, coaxed him, swore at him, and tried everything to make the horse move, but he would not. A score of suggestions came from the bystanders, but every-

one of them was without any effect whatever; until at last a green-looking Irishman pushed his way through the crowd, and having picked up from the street a handful of snow, he took the horse by his foretop and rubbed his nose vigorously with that snowball. They said to him, "What did you do that for?" But instantly the horse went like a shot down the street. They said to him again, "What did you do that for?" "Oh," he said, "the baste needs to get some new ideas." A life determined on standing still in idleness needs a new idea. Take it away from the ideas of idleness and sin, and of planning for evil, and give it an idea of a noble life—a life which is willing to move, and to move on toward a destiny which shall be bright with glory.

I saw, in the Tombs of New York city, the Bridge of Sighs. It is a pass from the jail over into the court of justice. I said, "Why do they call it the Bridge of Sighs?" He said, "Every man who walks across there, when he comes back gives an awful sigh." Who can look at that Bridge of Sighs without the echo of that sigh resounding in his own heart. A young man arrested for forgery was brought into the

city jail, recently. In the hall they stood and the warden told me how the poor fellow plead with him and said, "Warden, warden, if you take me across that door-sill into the cell with those other prisoners, I will die with a broken heart. I will drop dead. Let me stay here until to-morrow morning." "It was not right; but I could not refuse him," said the warden; "his tears and his pleading prevailed, so I took him up into a room and gave him a newspaper to read, thinking that he would be awake all night. I stayed with him until eleven o'clock. The next morning I went up to find the poor fellow dead on the bed, his cheeks stained with tears. He had turned on the gas and laid down and died." He was the son of a clergyman, one of the best known men in Brooklyn; at one time a preacher of national fame and head of the Methodist Publishing House. What awful possibilities, even in the home of that man of God! From the preacher's fireside to Raymond Street jail. Saddest picture on earth. The cold world says, "Oh, base villain, fall over in your prison cell and rot, that is where you belong." But Almighty God says something vastly different from that. He whispers in every prisoner's ear the sweet words,

"Mercy, Hope, and Pardon." In the penitentiary I asked eight hundred men if any of them wished to be saved and to be prayed for, and to pledge themselves that they would pray for themselves. At that moment, knowing that the eye of God rested upon them and that every one of their comrades and keepers would laugh at them, with tears streaming down their cheeks, three hundred boldly raised their hands and asked to be prayed for. The Lord Jesus walked down through those aisles just as well as he walks through the aisles of a church, and waited at every one of the seats, that the chained prisoner's hand might touch the hem of His garment and be free. I wanted to shout through every prison corridor that which sounded through the Philippian jail, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou, thou, even thou, shalt be saved."

I came from the gloom, the awful gloom of the Tombs, and within a few moments witnessed from the heights of the Brooklyn Bridge a beautiful sunset with all its glory falling upon the harbor and lighting the torch of Liberty's statue. The whole sky was resplendent with its effulgence borrowed from the heavenly world.

The white clouds were waiting in their dressing rooms, while messengers sent out from the King's palace were drawing about their delicate forms robes of richest coloring. And then they moved out upon the stage of the world's great theater and gracefully played their part. A single star pulled aside the curtains and lovingly said, "Good-night," to the king of day, as he lay in his western couch, and then threw a kiss to him across the sky. The whole vaulted sky changed from beauty to beauty and from glory to glory, without a single possibility of exhausting the tints in the studio of the Great Artist. The boats of every description moved across the harbor in every direction, to every point of the compass. A little tug was just screeching its throat hoarse, simply to attract attention. The sail-boat had its white sails spread out like the wings of a bird gracefully playing with the breezes, and was made more beautiful as the sun's rays shot upon it, transforming it into a thing of exquisite beauty. Away out in the distance a great steamer lay anchored and asleep, weary with its battle with wind and wave. The ferries were running across each other's track on their errands of

mercy for the weary toilers. The great bridge on which I stood, and which held me between the earth and sky, never seemed to me so majestic and wonderful. The twin cities were a fitting gateway to this great continent, and as the beautiful sun with its last rays darted against the domes and spires and buildings, I stood almost entranced and said, "Sunset glory, island beauty, sailing craft, arching bridge, Liberty's torch—all the glory of this heavenly scene is made possible by obedience to God's law. And in the entire world in which we live, all freedom and glory came to be, because of obedience. And the gloom of the prison tomb is the direct result of disobedience." In that short distance between the Tombs and the Brooklyn Bridge a great gulf of sin was fixed. And I saw another bridge; one end of it stood upon the Tombs of New York city, and the other end of it stood upon the Raymond Street jail, and the keystone of the mighty arch was the threshold of heaven, and the entire framework of the wondrous structure was composed of nine letters, W-H-O-S-O-E-V-E-R.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PIECE OF LAVA FROM THE VOLCANO.

The traveler stands on Mount Vesuvius, and the small pieces of lava, red-hot from that seething furnace, burn at his feet. He must wait for the clock to tick away its moments before the relic can be touched and carried away from the doorway of its home. He does not see the great boiling mass beneath the surface; that little messenger has told him emphatically of his peril and the mighty forces of destruction beneath his feet. That wild madness and murderous spirit is just waiting in its dark cage, to break through the prison bars and work out its purpose of death.

Beneath the modern city is a Vesuvius. The surface may blossom with flowers and be carpeted with emerald axminster; trees may even bear luscious fruit and homes stand apparently unshaken; but the rain-drops of lava tell of the awful flood and the probability of a Pompeian

disaster. Underneath all the beauty and apparent prosperity of the great city, the surface adorned by magnificent churches and public buildings, splendid commercial establishments, palace homes, and most costly and beautiful parks; beneath all these are the seething, death-bringing operations of the thousands of gamblers and their companions in vice and crime. This is one of the greatest evils, and one that is largely concealed from public knowledge. But enough is seen and known to make human hearts shudder and human hopes vanish. In this part of his kingdom, "King Law" swings his scepter with a palsied hand. This subject carries on his nefarious business so largely in the dark, or under a false name, that his crime is unmeasured and unpunished.

These dens of vice are counted by the hundred in these great cities. They are not counted on earth, but are seen in the white light of the judgment throne. We stepped aboard the ferry at Forty-second Street, which was supposed to go to the West Shore Railroad, but it was the gamblers' boat and was bound in another direction. It was crowded with hundreds of men, from the wearer of the diamond-studded front to

that of the flannel of the laborer. Old and young, white and black, had but one look in the eye and one purpose in the heart. The smoke and filth arose like the sulphurous fumes from the pit. Blasphemy and impurity mingled with it like most familiar companions. The boat moved straight across the stream as if to land in the regular ferry-slip, and the mercy of the Hudson kept it from going to the bottom with its heavy load. When it neared the other shore it suddenly turned up the river and moved along for about one mile, and then glided into a secluded cove and an old ferry-slip. That great crowd anxiously poured from the gangplank and hastened toward a flat building under the hill. It covered a large area and had no windows or opening toward the river, except a small door which led into a barroom. Through that miserable vestibule of hell the stream poured out of a back door and along under the overhanging rocks for about one hundred feet, and then into another narrow door, which opened out into a large space which was the home of New York and Brooklyn gamblers. It was the resort of many young men and boys from good homes; and the abiding place of cut-throats and thieves.

In that vile institution, in the presence of those six or eight hundred men, I stood at that afternoon hour with such feelings as never before crept into my heart—feelings of deepest sadness; feelings of startling amazement; feelings like those of the Christ when they gambled at the foot of the Cross. I never believed that the governments of earth were so bad as to allow the governments of hell to place such an institution upon our free soil and, unmolested, to damn our boys and work their awful ruin in our homes and society.

I saw there all the apparatus which evil genius could invent with which to steal and to destroy. The telegraph clicked off the St. Louis and New Orleans races, and the money poured into the pool from hundreds of hands. The fiends at the tables and at the wheels shouted themselves hoarse, and the silver rang without end upon the red spots and black spots, red with blood and black with perdition. The dice rattled and the chips rolled, and the cards shuffled and the wheels turned and stopped at the will of the crimson hand that twisted them. In this dreadful sound, mingled with blasphemy and impurity and anger, I heard the cry of hundreds of

mothers, the sigh of hundreds of hearts, and the eternal wail of hundreds of souls. That infernal den might just as well be in City Hall Park as far as the result is concerned to these cities. Shame on a government which makes it possible! Shame on a telegraph company which makes its money out of such a diabolical business! Shame on a railroad company which turns its business over into the hands of the devil for a few stained dollars! Shame on a nation which makes its money with "In God we trust," and then allows it to roll along that foul path of lawlessness across the gamblers' table and into the gamblers' till! The cities are full of gamblers and gambling places. I have been in them, even in the Chinese and Greek dens. They gamble in every saloon; they gamble in the clubs; they gamble behind barred doors. I have seen as many as one hundred boys in a single pool room. The policy shops are running everywhere, and men, women, and children are running to them with their last nickels.

This is one of the greatest destroyers, because it is a Mormon and married to many wives. All forms of vice are its companions. It is the murderer of body, mind, and soul. It trampies on

everything healthful and sacred. You will scarcely see a gambler above forty years of age. They die young and go to a gamblers' hell. They live in perdition on earth. Love is burned out of their hearts and home is always destroyed. Their life is not an evolution, it is a devolution. The vice has nothing redeeming or palliating or excusing about it. It is blasting to character and fixes destiny. It is in full growth a monster with bloody appetite. It is useless to talk about the suicides and devastation of Monte Carlo, when right at our very doors the same deadly work is in progress. Our trees hang with the victims and the sound of their revolvers rings in our ears. It is death! death! death! It is death to home. Its sulphurous breath blows the light out; its hand throws water on the hearth; its skeleton form moves through every room and banishes the last sound of laughter and joy. The gambler has leased his once happy home to the tenants "sorrow and despair." In the rattle of the dice, and shuffle of the cards, and the click of the wheel, and the sound of the balls, and the noise of the chips, and the ring of the silver and the shout of demons on earth, I heard the pitiful, pathetic, heartrending cry of a mother. In

that maelstrom of iniquity was the young man who was once the pride of his home. Paternal care and maternal love watched him. Arms of tenderest affection had encircled him. Brightest hopes had hovered above his cradle and his early life. But now there are hearts aching and breaking, and waiting with sleepless eyes for his return. Why not sleep? How can they? They have done and suffered too much for him to rest when he is in the dissipation and sin of the great city. The light is in the window and mother's eyes are at the pane, and the clock strikes twelve to deaden the sounds of her sobs. He had scarlet fever when a boy, and she nursed him night and day until it seemed as if she were born not to need sleep. Oh, how anxious she was then as she placed her hand of love on his little fever-burned brow; how she watched every move and how she prayed that God would save him! But now she looks out of the window and listens for his coming, and on the pathway of one of her sighs she carries the heavy cry: "Oh, I would rather have him in his crib with the scarlet fever!"

I looked into the demoniacal eyes of a husband and father as he shook the dice and counted

the chips at the table, and thought of the domestic happiness he had destroyed. He had set fire to his own home and burned up the last remnants of love. The children once waited for his coming and threw kisses from the window and jumped in their glee while his key was unfastening the door. Kisses the sweetest fell like a shower, but now they are all forgotten and the face is calloused by sin. A wife's heart once beat in harmony with his, but now the gambler's heart has become as hard as the granite and never feels the touch of love. His wife's garments are faded; his daughters are disgraced; his sons are started on the short cut to ruin. The arrow of love glances from his iron soul and home has no attraction. The fires of his passion and excitement of his life have done their work of destruction. From the thousands of homes in city and country comes the same sad cry to mingle with the awful sounds of the gambler's world.

A Christian father in one of the Eastern States had a reckless son, who disgraced himself and brought shame upon his family by his misconduct. From home the prodigal went to California, to become even more reckless. For

years the father heard nothing of him. A chance offering, he sent this message to him: 'Your father still loves you." The bearer sought him long in vain. At last he visited a low den of infamy in his search, and there recognized the erring son. He called him out, and at the hour of midnight delivered his message. The gambler's heart was touched. The thought of father that loved him still, and wanted to forgive him, broke the spell of Satan. He abandoned the game, his companions, and his cups, to return to his father. Oh, prodigal, come home; come home!

This volcano is also causing death to honesty, industry, and all business and social relations. Gambling is the art of securing the property of another without giving him anything in return. If a man takes anything from another by force, or in an inartistic way, he is called a thief. If he does precisely the same thing in another manner, he is called a gambler. But he is one and the same. He who does the one for any length of time will do the other. The principle and result do not differ, and names ought not to deceive. No one would employ a gambler in a trusted position. No one would have him for his partner in

business. The first principle of business is self-preservation, and gambling is destruction. The effect of business is continually to destroy uncertainty, but gambling increases it. Chance is there only to catch the victim and enrich the professional. It is the old story of "spider and fly." The faro box is built with springs; the races are decided before they are run; the wheels are stopped at the will of the fiend behind the table; the dice are loaded and the cards are marked; cuffs are mirrors and sleeves are stacked with aces.

In a book published not long since an expert tells us that in London alone he found and noted one hundred and fifty sorts of cards, all of which were marked so that a professional could read the faces from the backs as well as if aces, kings, and jacks were in full view. "I have acted as judge at horse races," said a man, "off and on for twenty years; but if I have ever seen an honest trial of speed I am ignorant when it occurred."

Across all the tables and all the tracks and through all the pool rooms and into the dens I shout, "Foul, foul, infinitely foul—foul as the schemes of hell!" I even shout it across some of

the social games which cultivate childhood in evil ways, and prepare the soil for the lower forms of gambling. A boy who "played marbles for keeps" was sternly rebuked by his mother and ordered early to bed as a punishment. He begged to see the friends who were coming in that evening for a progressive euchre party. The mother so far relented as to allow him to see the prizes before his banishment. Next morning he ran to the parlor to see the beautiful things again, and was dismayed to find that they were gone. Appealing to his pious mother, he was told that "The people who won them had carried them away." After a moment's thought, with the moral perception and a logical acuteness which his mother lacked, the boy said, "Mamma, was not that playing for keeps?" So far as his mother's influence could go, that boy was in training for a superb gambler. Foul, foul, is the whole evil operation.

All the gambling machinery is manufactured for the one purpose of being pickpockets without getting the name. It is highway robbery in a building. It affects all business directly or indirectly. Hundreds of thousands of dollars leak out every year from the merchant's till into

the gambling hells. No wonder that detectives are commonly employed by large merchants to go around among the pool rooms and see if their employees frequent them. If there is one found the employer knows at once he cannot be trusted; his interest in his work is relaxing and there is no telling when he will begin to steal in order to provide himself with money for the satisfying of his passion. But, alas! alas! what an example many of these clerks find in the employers themselves, many of whom in these cities carry from twenty to forty thousand dollars to invest on the races and think nothing of venturing as much as ten thousand dollars on a single race. It is the most demoralizing agency in our modern business world. Its white ashes are scattered over the fairest products of our commercial transactions. The wealth of the world is crystallized brain and muscle, and no man has the right to a farthing of it without giving an equivalent. If he takes it by any other method than the return method he is a thief and the greatest enemy to business and society.

This Volcano also belches forth death to the gambler himself. A man in London, keeping one of these gambling houses, boasted that he

had ruined a nobleman a day. The manager of another one of these established institutions recently said to a reporter, who asked him the heaviest amount of money ever won at his table at one sitting: "Sixteen thousand dollars. This amount was won by a young doctor who used to play here frequently. The doctor played one hundred dollars on the colors, and a continuous run of luck put him sixteen thousand dollars ahead of the game in an evening's play." "Did he keep it?" asked the reporter. "No. Few people who play on the outside ever keep their winnings. A few months after this winning I won twenty thousand dollars from the doctor in one night's play. He continued losing, and six months later," said the gambler, "we picked up the newspaper one morning and found that he had committed suicide after robbing his sister's estate of a large sum."

This is the testimony of the Superintendent of Police of New York city: "More young men have stood here at this desk, confessing their first offense against law and ascribing their downfall to their infatuation for pool-room gambling than I would care to attempt to estimat. Actual experience has satisfied me that no

form of gambling offers greater temptations to young men to take what is not theirs. As horse-racing is conducted now, it would be well for the community to stop racing altogether. We are sending men to prison right along on account of the race-gambling craze. Homes are being destroyed, and the lives of young men blighted every day in this city, for the same reason."

One of the greatest business men of New York city said: "A considerable proportion of failures in business, and ninety per cent. of the defalcations and thefts and ruin of youth among people who are employed in places of trust, are due directly to gambling. I have seen in my employment so much misery from the head of the family neglecting its support and squandering his earnings in the lottery or the policy shop, and promising young men led astray in a small way and finally becoming fugitives or landing in the criminal dock, that I have come to believe that the community which licenses and tolerates public gambling cannot have prosperity in business, religion in its churches, or morality among its people."

The fact is evident from the report of a guarantee company, which says that in nineteen years

it had insured the honesty of about one hundred and forty thousand officials, of whom over two thousand had defaulted. Considering the fact that the company is noted for its conservatism in taking risks, this shows a sad condition of affairs. The report of the company places the blame on the prevalence of gambling in its many forms.

A recent defalcation of a trusted clerk revealed the fact that he had stolen one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and lost it all in the policy shops of New York city. In these shops workingmen spend their hard earnings and leave their families to starve. Boys, catching the spirit that breathes through them, can be seen carrying their pennies to these same infernal institutions.

A traveler says: "I visited the great gambling resort, Monte Carlo, the only legalized gambling house in the world, and from which the little principality, Monaco, derives its revenue for the support of its government. As I entered the grand casino, rich in decoration and fascinating in surroundings, I saw the gambling tables, the faro tables, the roulette tables, surrounded by the old, middle-aged, and the young. Piles of gold were distributed all about. There at the table

was the 'Old Traveler,' cool and collected, but with mind intent on the game. There were women, old women, who apparently had exhausted the pleasures and excitements of the world and society, with faces hard, severe, and haggard, utterly absorbed in the game. There were young girls with the blush of maidenhood on their fair cheeks, with faces flushed and eyes distended, fiercely watching the game as the fatal card was turned. What a revolting scene! With what a feeling of disgust does the average American turn from it." Yet we have precisely the same work going on, with results almost as appalling. The victims hang from the trees in our woods, and they commit suicide without number in the cities. Untold ruin is wrought in a thousand directions, because this vice is vitally related to all other vices. Gambling is the total debaucher of the whole man; body as well as soul. There are few old gamblers. Go into any gambling hell to-night or to-morrow night, and you will scarcely see a man above forty years of age. Only the young men gamble? Why? Because gamblers do not grow old. They die young. No serpent ever charmed its victim with greater power. It is poison to every drop of

blood in his veins. It is the rock upon which character is wrecked and no life-line reaches the broken mast. The most difficult man to reach on earth with saving power is the gambler. He is out in such a deep sea and he is such a total wreck. Above the portals of every gambling place should be written: "He who enters here is dead to all hope."

Walpole tells of a certain Lord Stavordale, who, when under twenty-one years of age, lost fifty-five thousand dollars in one night, but recovered it by a single great stake, whereupon he swore a great oath, adding, "Now if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions." It is said that two men were found by the police in Hampstead Road in 1812, one on a wall and the other hanging by his neck from a lamp post, just "shoved off." They had tossed all day, first for money, then for their clothes, and lastly to decide which of the two should hang the other. It was a logical conclusion to the day's work. It is the inevitable conclusion to the gambler's day on earth. In Philadelphia a young man went into a gambling saloon, lost all his property, then blew his brains out, and before the blood was washed from the floor by the maid, the comrades

were shuffling cards again. A man in Denver arose from the gambling table one night and wrote, with a pencil, on a slip of paper, these words: "I have now lost the last of forty thousand dollars; all gone in one month." He then took his motherless girl, staked her, and lost again.

Forgery, murder, and suicide are in its train. William Cobbett says, "I never in my whole life knew a man addicted to this habit who was not, in some way or other, a person unworthy of confidence." How it grips the soul like a demon and blunts every feeling of humanity is illustrated by the anecdote that Walpole tells, of a man who at a gambling table fell down in a fit of apoplexy, whereon his companions instantly began to bet upon the chances of his recovery; and when the physician came in, they positively would not allow him to minister to the sufferer, on the ground that it would affect the bet. Some of you may recollect that when, a good many years ago, the Prince of Wales was lying dangerously ill at Sandringham, his life was hanging in the balance and heavy stakes were laid upon the issue. When the late excellent President Garfield was almost given up by his doctors a

similar thing occurred, men betting large sums, and even selling pools in Chicago. In a recent notorious criminal case, when all the country was waiting with bated breath to know whether an unhappy woman was to go to the gallows or to be reprieved, I saw it stated that, among a certain class of the population in Liverpool and elsewhere, large sums were staked upon the issue.

Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate of the English world, was buried in Westminster Abbey. Tennyson was the matchless singer who paid that wonderful tribute to Albert the Good, the father of the present Prince of Wales. Thus he sang of Albert:

"Who reverenced his conscience as his king ;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong ;
Who spoke no slander—no, nor listened to it ;
Who loved one only, and who clave to her.

. . . . .

"Not swaying to this faction or to that ;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure, but through all this tract of years,
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every blot."

And yet while they were burying the great poet and while the whole world stood with uncovered head, even outside of England, the Prince of Wales, instead of going to the burial, preferred to spend the day at the race track!

The fruits upon this tree in highest life and lowest alike are dishonesty, selfishness, perjury, political corruption, suicide, murder, and death. The whole business, from stock gambling to policy shop, bears the mark of Cain. Nothing scorches the soul like this, nothing leaves such an open crater of ruin as this. Nothing carries such uncompounded wickedness as this. Nothing smites the growing and promising tree of young life with such lightning strokes as this. Not any thing in all the catalogue of evil forces seems to have greater power to blast character and fix destiny than this. Keep flowers from the gambler's grave, and Scripture from his tombstone. They would be mockery; they would be blasphemy. Oh, young man! in the name of all that is good and true on earth; in the name of your immortal soul; in the name of a mother's love and a father's counsel, in the name of the Christ for whose garment they cast lots on Calvary, keep thy hands clean.

CHAPTER XII.

THE AMERICAN "JOSS" HOUSE.

THE darkness of heathenism does not all rest upon Central Africa or inland China; some of those somber robes have fallen upon the shoulders of this great continent. The Chinese "Joss" house has been erected in our cities, but there is an American "Joss," which more hearts are serving and to which more knees are bending in all reality of idol worship.

I was recently in the Chinese "Joss" house in New York city, and saw the false god and his worshipers. They were falling down prostrate before his hideous picture. They burned the candle, and made the smoke to rise before him while he caused their number to fall from the shaken box to reveal their future. The gambler who had lost his money burned a paper at the altar, and over the ashes of this symbol of his loss he prayed for forgiveness and for better

luck next time. The whole house and its furnishings, and its worship and its priest, were supremely ridiculous. The doors of my heart were pushed open and a peculiar sadness entered. The doors of my thought turned outward and admitted the question: What is the difference between a false god of wood or stone and the false god of gold? Before this "Gold god" a large part of our population are lying with their faces in the dust. This is the idol at whose crimson altar thousands of lives are constantly sacrificed in these cities.

"Deeds are done, the foulest,
Murders yet untold,
Wrongs the worst, the basest,
For the sake of gold.

"Love, and truth, and justice
Eagerly are sold,
Sacrificed most foully
At the shrine of gold.

"Many a corpse now lying
Naked, stiff, and cold,
Never would have lain there
But for tempting gold.

"Health, and life, and honor,
Both by young and old,
Readily are bartered
For the sake of gold.

"And the past is hidden,
Buried 'neath Time's mold,
If its grave be covered
With a tomb of gold."

The passion for gold has entered most of our American blood and has made money-getting the only success. It is not genius or skill or art or sacrifice, but the power to get and to hold wealth. Its cruelty has been the means of degrading labor and destroying the worker. This Golden Calf must be ground to powder between the millstones of the wrath of Almighty God before much relief can come to the sufferings of society. Even the boys and girls now consider work, or a trade, or a simple living, a fence about them to be broken down. The one ambition is for money and more money, and a consequent life of ease. In this mad rush virtue and honesty are trampled under foot. A fortune must be made, and sharpness and unscrupulousness are the agents to secure this coveted object. Labor is a curse and money is the only blessing. This is the plague-spot in our civilization. The great crowds surge through the streets and the stores. Men fight on the exchange and in the market; they quarrel in the factories and push

each other on cars and bridge; all bent on the same errand and all worshiping at the throne of the same false god. There is no more powerful agent on earth for the destruction of that which is noblest and divinest in humankind.

One of the greatest Americans said: "The healthiest form of human society is where the many are equally independent in the management of their affairs; where professions and trades are represented by individual thinking minds; and where those engaged in any one branch of industry stand on a level with one another. This condition of things promotes invention, activity, interest, manliness, and good citizenship. Now the gold-hunt system is directly antagonistic to all this. It seeks to destroy the many independent tradesmen, and to make them servants in a gigantic monopoly. The happy homes of freemen become the pinched quarters of serfs. The lords of trade have their hundreds and thousands of humble subordinates over whom they rule, often with a rod of iron. They may be turned away from work and wages at any moment, by any whim of the selfish employer. Hence, through fear of this, they lose their manhood, and dare not assert even a

decision of their conscience. There is no more melancholy sight to my eyes than that which I often see nowadays—the former happy possessor of a shop or store, who has lived comfortably and with the true nobility of a citizen, and whose family have felt the dignity of the home, now made a clerk and drudge in a huge establishment that, by its relentless use of millions, has undermined and overthrown all the independent stores of a large district, while his family are thrust into the unsavory communism of a tenement house, and lose all the delicate refinement of a quiet home. It is easy to say that this is but the natural law of trade. So to devour men is the natural law of tigers. But this truth will not reconcile us to the process. If we are to stop men from stealing directly, we can stop them from stealing indirectly. If natural law works evil to the community, we are to make statute law, which will act as supernatural law and control the offensive principle. Unless we wish our social equality destroyed, and a system of practical serfdom to take its place, we must put a limit to the acts of greed, and so preserve the independence of our citizens."

By this false god the rich are cursed and the

poor are crushed. This foot of oppression rests upon the necks of men, women, and children by the million. He is the cause of most of the wrongs of society and the quarrels of men. The bloody struggle between Capital and Labor will reach no amicable solution at his throne. There is a white slavery, and he is the cruel master with lash in hand. He snaps it above the sweat-shop and the counter, and the machine and the store, and the street and the tenement house, and everywhere.

This "Joss" is the ruin of those who possess him, and is the oppression of the poor. Many men in these great cities are spending their whole lives and shortening their lives in the relentless grasp of this craze for gold, only to discover too late their murderous folly. They are the victims of a fatal mirage. A man recently set out from Juarez, Mexico, to go to Palomas in New Mexico, and nearly lost his life from a mirage delusion. He was driving his wagon when he saw a short distance off in the desert a beautiful lake shadowed by trees. Both he and his team were thirsty, so he turned out of his course to get the water. After traveling some miles the lake seemed as far off as at first, but it

was there, clear, distinct, before him. He continued in the direction of the lake and fancied that he could feel on his face the fresh breeze from the water, but as the distance did not diminish, at last the idea of his delusion dawned on him, and he turned back toward the road. But the night overcame him. He lost his way. On the morrow he could not recognize any indication of his course. All his efforts to find the road were unavailing. At last, after a terrible struggle of four days, wrestling with heat and hunger, and with thirst, he succeeded in reaching the road more dead than alive. Life's struggle to reach the shining and glitter of gold has resulted in like delusion.

The following incident from a recent pen tells the sad story: "A man who started in life determined to get rich, by fair means or foul, had accumulated a fortune estimated at forty million dollars. He was shut up in his chamber in a hotel, suffering from an incurable disease. He had been divorced from his wife. He had quarreled with his children. He had no home—no one to minister to him but hired servants. He knew that he could live only a few months and that when he died, those between whom

and himself there had been no sympathy or reciprocity of affection would inherit, quarrel over, and squander his wealth. One would think that a man so situated would feel like trying to make friends with his money. One would think that he would say to himself, 'I have been envied and hated because I was selfish and grasping. But I will use some of my millions so that somebody will bless me in my days of sickness and pain and cherish my memory when I am gone.' He could not do this, however. The ruling passion was too strong. On the contrary he did what was so inhuman that I do not hesitate to call it satanic. Read on and see.

"He put several millions into the hands of trusted agents, who were to share the profits with him. They were to get up a panic, and when the farmers were badly scared and other buyers were out of the market because he and his confederates had locked up all the money, they bought some four or five million bushels of wheat and stored it. They hoped to 'bull' the market in selling, as they had 'beared' it in buying. Their plan was to rob the producers by getting their produce at less than it was

worth, and then to rob the consumers by making them pay more than it was worth. Yes, this multi-millionaire meant to squeeze a million out of the sellers and then another million out of the buyers, because he was rich enough to control the market. He knew that, if he were successful, thousands would curse him as he lay in his coffin. But what did he care, if he could add two millions to his forty while on his dying-bed? Oh, the folly, the madness of this insatiable greed! Truly they who will be rich fall into temptation and a snare. They think that they own their millions, but will wake up hereafter, if not in this world, to realize that their millions owned them. A golden chain may be as heavy and galling as one of iron. The hunger for riches is worse than the hunger for bread, for it gnaws the soul."

Self-sacrifice is at the foundation of noble character, and this greed had made those granite blocks to crumble and the superstructure to totter and at last to fall. Home is neglected, and church is neglected, and country is neglected. Every second runs through the same yellow channel from early morning until late at night, and sometimes seven days in the week, until

many a father in our modern city life is a stranger in his own home and will forever be a stranger in heaven. The principle of true living and his right relation to his fellow-man are all sacrificed to his determination to rise above others by stepping upon their prostrate forms. This is the tendency of our present system of competition. The smaller merchants are gradually succumbing to the inevitable and giving up their own business, to suffer in poverty or to become clerks for the monopolists. In the centers where millions live and toil a few large stores do practically all the business to-day and those establishments are a veritable mint. In the present system it ems unavoidable, but that makes it none the less condemnable. The poor are growing poorer and more in number and the rich are growing richer and fewer in number in the city, while the " Golden Joss " laughs on his apparently ble throne. But there is justice beneath this free soil, and the rumblings of an earthquake are destined to be heard above the sound of that cruel laugh and to shatter that heathenish form.

Clerks are made to stand behind the counters from morning until night for pay which is some-

times amazing for its meanness, in order that one man's purse may burst with fatness. I know of at least one store which coined thousands and tens of thousands of dollars at the holiday season and which forced its great army of clerks to work from eight o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night, with opportunity for one eating time and with not one farthing of extra pay for two weeks of that kind of barbarous slavery. I know of young women in this city, working now in one of the largest stores in America, for the astonishing pay of two and a half dollars per week! Is it any wonder that purity vanishes? How can they live? Alas! alas! it too often means starvation or stain. For the sake of this "Gold God" young men and young women are forced to sacrifice their honesty and veracity at his altar. It is the same inhuman sword which the Turkish hand swings above the head of the oppressed and suffering Armenian. They must lie or lose their position; they must forget that "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord," while they render worship to "Gold." Their goods must be sold at all hazards, and if a lie is necessary the lie must be told and be considered as a part of business. If

all the lies could be gathered out of the stores in a single city at the close of a single day—what a spectacle for men and angels. A mercantile lie is as black as any other member of that colored family, whether it is told before or behind the counter; it will be heard again before the judgment bar of God, and poor "Gold Joss" will not be able to furnish any relief.

The "bargain counter" in these stores is also a part of his altar, and I have seen blood-marks upon it. From whence do "bargains" come? Do they drop from the skies to the counter? Ah, no! They come from the homes and the hands and the hearts of the poor. There was a time when the price was but one factor in a sale. It is now almost everything. This spirit of getting something for less than cost has permeated all commerce. "Bargains" are the loadstone of attraction. If there is gain here to one, there is loss somewhere else to another. The starvation of sewing women is the complement of the "bargain" counter. There is nothing on earth so cheap as flesh and blood, because it never touches the limit of cost. There must be dishonesty in material or wages must be cut, if the stream of "bargains" continues to flow.

Cheap goods and cheap men live together. Whoever buys much for little can see, if he looks intently, the stain of human blood upon it, and if he listens intently might hear the pathetic sound:

> "And oh, full oft, quite spent and weary,
> Her hand will pause, her head decline;
> That labor seems so hard and dreary
> On which no ray of hope may shine."

We have read somewhere that in one of the old cities of Italy the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower and called it the "bell of justice." He likewise ordered that anyone who had been wronged should ring that bell, and the magistrate should come to his relief. In the course of time the lower part of the rope rotted away, and a wild vine was tied to lengthen it. A starving horse that had been turned out to die in old age, seeing the vine, gnawed it, and in doing so rang the bell. Straightway came the magistrate, and having ascertained in whose service the animal's life had been spent, he said: "The dumb brute has rung the bell of justice, and justice he shall have; the owner shall care for him the rest of his days." Humane magistrate!

This part of suffering humanity is ringing the "bell of justice." Let the city hear its solemn tone! From garret of tenement and hovel and factory it rings above the mad rush for gold. It tells the sad story of thousands and tens of thousands, and now, almost hundreds of thousands in a single city in hunger and cold, working their life out at the machine, or losing their blood by the piercings of the needle, in order that the few may have more gold. Heart-breaking despair have I seen again and again in these lives and homes.

How well their grief was voiced by that despairing woman who stood by her invalid husband and invalid child, and said to the city missionary: "I am downhearted, everything's against us; and then there are other things." "What other things?" said the city missionary. "Oh," she repeated, "my sin." "What do you mean by that?" "Well," she said, "I never hear or see anything good. It's work from Monday morning till Saturday night, and then when Sunday comes I can't go out, and I walk the floor, and it makes me tremble to think that I have got to meet God. Oh, sir! it's so hard for us. We have to work so, and we have so

much trouble, and then we are getting along so poorly; and see this wee little thing growing weaker and weaker; and then to think we are not getting nearer to God but floating away from Him. Oh, sir! I do wish I was ready to die."

All the shot and shell of earth have not made such havoc as is seen on this battlefield for life in the great city in order that goods may be sold cheap. There are manufacturing establishments in these cities which secure almost all their labor by false pretense. They advertise for help and then promise them good pay when they have learned the trade. The sewing goes on for days and weeks and months, with a constant repetition of the promise which is never fulfilled. Was there ever a more satanic method of stealing invented? Those goods are on the counters of the best stores.

"What can we do?" said one manufacturer lately, when asked how he thought the thing would end. "If there were any power quicker than steam, or any way of managing so that women could feed five or six machines, that would have to come next, else every one of us would go to the wall together, the pressure is so tremendous. Of course there's no chance for

the women, but then you must remember there's precious little chance for the employer either. This competition is a sort of insanity. It gluts the market with cheap goods and gives a sense of prosperity, but it is the death of all legitimate, reasonable business. It won't surprise me if this whole trade of manufacturing underwear becomes a monopoly, and one man—like O'H., for instance—swallows up the whole thing. Lord help the women then! for there'll be no help in man." "Suppose co-operation were tried? what would be the effect?" "No effect, because there isn't confidence anywhere to make men dare a co-operative scheme. Even the workers would distrust it, and a sharp business man laughs in your face if you mention the word. It doesn't suit American notions. It might be a good thing if there were any old-fashioned business men left,—men content with slow profits and honest dealing,—as my father was, for instance. But he wouldn't have a ghost of a chance to-day. The whole system of business is rotten and there will have to be a reconstruction clean from the bottom, though it is the men that need it first. We're the maddest nation for money on the face of the earth, and

the race is a more killing one every year. I am half inclined to think sometimes that mankind will soon be pretty much a superfluity, the machines are getting so intelligent; and it may be these conditions that seem to upset you so are simply means of killing off those that are not wanted and giving place to a less sensitive order of beings. Lord help them! I say again, for there's no help in man."

The Angel of Life, so runs the legend, was sent out to find where Happiness dwelt. He went first to a palace, but he found the owner wearing a crown whose sharp and jagged edges pierced his brow. Then he flew to a hovel, but as he heard the cries for bread, he hastened away. Then the angel was told to measure the distance between the palace and the hovel, and in the center plant a tree called Justice. This he did. The rich man was then told to walk toward the hovel and the poor man toward the palace. They met at the tree, and when it had grown to a goodly size they dwelt under its shade in peace and happiness for evermore. That is the only solution. As long as their "Gold God" continues to be worshiped, the scorching days of summer and the marrow-piercing days of winter

will hear the cry of white-faced children starving for bread and shivering for rags; the winds will carry the moan of women who toil on, sometimes sixteen hours a day, and the sighs of men out of employment by the quicker work of machinery and the demand for bargains.

A baker died in New York city and left the provision in his will that a half loaf of stale bread should be given to every man who came for it at twelve o'clock at night. Every night for years past hundreds of hungry men have formed in line at that bakery at the midnight hour. Sometimes that line has reached more than two blocks. When I saw these, my brothers, on a bitter winter's night shivering in the cruel winds as they waited for the bread and a tin cup of coffee, my heart was crowded with unwelcome visitors. Only one did I see in all that great number with an overcoat to shield him from the cold blasts. Scarcely a man of them bore the marks of dissipation, but all were starving for the want of work, and willing to walk miles and shovel snow for a half hour, as I saw them do, in order to receive a half loaf of old bread. That line of sadness reached almost around one of the largest churches in the city,

which stood on the corner and which held millions of dollars in the hands of its worshipers. I looked at it, that never to be forgotten night, and then at that awful sight of suffering, starving humanity, and had many serious thoughts about the "Gold God." I looked out of my window while writing these words and saw the hands of men, women, and children thrust into every ash barrel along the street for cinders or for something to eat or to wear, while the carriages, with prancing steeds and gold-covered harness, rolled by on their way to the Temple of the "Gold God."

It was an evil day when the head of the house lost his job. For four months he looked for work. Save for an occasional odd chore he could find nothing to do. Then the frail wife and mother came forward in the role of bread-winner. She was not strong enough to do much, but she found an office to take care of, which, with a small family washing that she took home to do, netted her just $3.25 per week. Gradually their household belongings were transferred to the pawnbroker's, and their pinched faces stared poverty in the face. One morning, two months ago, the husband kissed

the children with more than wonted affection and left home ostensibly to look for work. He did not return. No trace of him has been seen since. The wife thinks he was unable to bear the unequal struggle for existence, and so took his own life. From bad to worse matters quickly went. The rent of the two tiny rooms at 573 West 43d Street was long overdue and the children were starving, so she tearfully asked if she could put little Johnnie—whose appetite is the most appalling—away for a time. She was asked how she could feed the other five. After a little talk she came to the conclusion that she could support three much more easily. Magistrate Deuel, with tears in his eyes, committed the youngsters. The parting between the mother and her babies would have melted the hardest heart that ever steeled itself against the poverty and misery that exist on every side. But the worshipers at the shrine of which I write never paused in their idolatry.

One Edward Herringe, an aged brass and wood worker, hanged himself in his tenement the other day. Why? A Mrs. Uhl, one of the tenants of the building, tells us why. "He died," said she, seeking to express herself in

English, "that his wife and little ones might have life. He had one thousand dollars life insurance, which money, you see, now they will get. They could not have it while he was alive. And that poor man tried so hard to get bread for his family; he was old and could not talk English, and nobody would believe he was a good workman. For most two years he had nothing to do, and he walk the streets, hungry and weak, looking for any odd job he might get to do. He often came to me, and I gave him a little money, and he always paid it back so soon as he had work. A little while ago he came to me and said, 'For God's sake, Mrs. Uhl, let me have a dollar to save my life insurance. God will pay you.' I said, 'Yes, you shall have the dollar,' and I did give him my last dollar I had in the house, for my husband he work by the day, and we have not much. He went away, and I know what he meant when he said, 'God will pay you.' He knew," and the motherly eyes filled with tears, "he knew what he must do to keep them alive a couple of years anyway, and he knew he never would pay me. Oh, you do not know how glad I am that I gave that good man my last dollar." That took place in a

Christian city. Millions of dollars were on the next street, but every farthing of it was under the scepter of the "American Joss." Cruel, inhuman, bloodthirsty idol; the cause of untold suffering and unblushing crime; the murderer of bodies; the shatterer of brains; the breaker of hearts; the destroyer of souls!

"'With gates of silver, and bars of gold,
Ye have fenced my sheep from their father's fold.
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years.'

"'O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built:
Behold Thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all the land.'

"Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man;
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

"These sat He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem;
For fear of defilement, 'Lo, here,' said He,
'The IMAGES ye have made of ME!'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MORNING BREAKETH.

EVERY night has had its morning. The midnight darkness must flee before the forces of light when they climb the eastern sky, and place their lines along the entire horizon, and their banners upon every mountain-top and every hillside. One of the most beautiful and most inspiring scenes ever presented to human vision is the break of day, and the gilding of cloud and sky. The artists from the studio of nature do at that time some of the most rapid and most wonderful work ever placed on the palace walls of our world. The transformation from a night into a day by such master strokes, and in that exquisite color, surpasses human appreciation or description.

The king of day swings his scepter above his head, and the flash of his jewels is first seen. Speedily he mounts the golden stairway to his

throne, and all enemies take their flight, and all friends bow at his feet. Darkness has been banished and the kingdom of light once more established in our world. I have seen the rays of light rise above the eastern hills like a mighty army with drawn swords and flashing bayonets, and no power was able to withstand their triumphant march across world and sky. Let the night be never so dark, the morning breaketh, when robes of mourning are hung away and garments of brightest color are made to take their places; when the silence is broken by the music of many voices and the harmony of bird chorus; when the flower is no longer found to blush unseen, but rests beneath the admiring eyes of every passer-by, and throws fresh fragrance lavishly into an atmosphere almost intoxicating; when grass and tree, and garden, and meadow are all the guests of this reception to the king of the morning. Glorious morning, welcome! Thrice welcome, after the darkest night! However black may be the moral midnight of city life, the eye should ever be turned toward the eastern sky, and faith should watch for the messengers to tell of His coming, and to prepare the way for the Sun of Righteousness to move

across His palace floor and to sit upon His zenith throne. He is coming! He is coming! And the last remnant of darkness shall forever disappear, and the clouds shall be changed into chariots for His glory.

When the black ink has all fallen from the writer's pen, he must finish his story by dipping into the crimson bottle. The truth must be told and the black ink must be used, but there is a brighter, more appropriate color for the last chapter. The Church of Christ must face tremendous forces of evil in the great city, but the Church is a tremendous force itself and the battle, though hard and long, is sure to be won, and the Standard of the Cross to move in an unhindered march.

What are the conditions that the Church must face to-day? In Chicago it must face a combination of 7000 barrooms, 28,000 barkeepers, 60,000 saloon and den habitués, 40,000 harlots, 30,000 professional barroom politicians, 12,000 gamblers, and 10,000 thieves. These are the figures given out by the Civic Federation. In New York the Church must face a veritable city of barrooms. If gathered together in rows there would be barrooms enough to line Broadway

its entire length; cross the city from river to river at Fourteenth Street; cross it again at Twenty-third Street, and line both sides of all three streets at that. They would form an unbroken line of grog shops, allowing to each one twenty-five feet front, forty-five miles long. It must face an annual consumption of beer that if barreled and placed end to end, it would take the Empire State Express, running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, from six o'clock Monday morning until seven o'clock Tuesday night, a continuous run of thirty-seven hours, to reach the end of the line. But the forces of righteousness need not tremble before such an enemy as that. They can conquer if they will, and I verily believe the lines of intemperance are weakening, and if now bravery is seen on this other Gettysburg, America and the world and all heaven will have cause for rejoicing.

A section of the city of New York, containing thirty-six blocks, has a population of 28,266 souls, 179 licensed saloons, and just 3 churches; 1 saloon to every 150 people over against 1 church to every 9422 people. In forty-two city blocks, with a population of 49,359, there are 237 saloons and 5 churches; 1 church to 9872 people.

Take still larger district of ninety-nine city blocks, containing 95,000 persons, with 1 saloon to every 170 people, and 1 church to every 13,-571. More still, take all that part of New York west of Tenth Avenue, between Twenty-fourth and Fifty-ninth streets, and there is 1 church to every 32,000 people. There is a whole district in the city as large as Detroit (205,000) that is practically without a single Protestant church, and with the exception of three Roman Catholic churches and a few missions, is churchless. The section below Fourteenth Street houses above 700,000 of the city's wage-workers and poor—where forty-one per cent. of the people live in a single room—where the conditions of life are almost more appalling than any like district known to civilization. While 200,000 souls moved in, 17 Protestant churches moved out. The people came, the saloons increased, the churches departed.

That is as true as it is startling, and similar changes can be duplicated in most of the cities of any size in this land. But that midnight is destined to be scattered, and already the forces of light are at work—forces of knowledge and co-operation, and determination and consecra-

tion, until in this hardest of all places the greatest of triumphs are yet to be won. At this present hour there can be seen in this city some of the most sublime sacrifices ever seen on the planet, and it is destined to tell for God's glory. This is one of the most encouraging features of the evangelization problem. Preachers are sacrificing, and missionaries are sacrificing, and Christians are sacrificing, and Almighty God is bound to honor it. There are powerful agencies for good at work in the darkest centers.

In a hidden bay on the St. Lawrence, in the center of water-grass and stagnancy and impurity, I saw hundreds of water lilies push their white faces to the surface and seemingly delight in shedding their fragrance and beauty upon those lowly and exceedingly unattractive surroundings. They were unseen except by the eyes that looked for them. Their snowy whiteness must have fallen from heaven, that place of purity, and their golden crowns must have been the gift of the king of day. I attempted to take them from their place of deepest humility and apparent waste, and to place them in the center of the beautiful parlor and upon the garments of appreciation. They all seemed to draw

back as the boat drew near. And when I asked them to come they seemed to say, emphatically, "No, no!" A few were forced to leave their swampy home, but they shed tears of regret and speedily wilted in their sorrow. That waxen beauty and heavenly fragrance delighted in giving its life to enhance and beautify the lowest. It must have been transplanted from the Gardens of God. The flower of Christian love is what I have seen in the slums of the city, and its fragrance destroys malaria and reveals the beauty of the "Lily of the Valley."

There is evil, but side by side with it is Calvary Christianity. I do not forget that the larger part of city population is outside of the Church; that in New York and Brooklyn, and other great centers, hundreds of thousands (and now almost reaching the millions) do not cross the threshold of the Church of Christ. It is as astounding as it is true. The reports reveal that seventy-five per cent. of the young men never attend church, and only fifteen per cent. are regular in attendance.

Out of 22,000 young men of Cincinnati, less than 2000 have their names on the church roll; less than ten per cent. in Brooklyn, and out of

91,000 young men in Boston there are over 80,000 who do not attend the house of God at all. New York and Chicago statistics are even more startling.

The workingmen are estranged from the Church. Some of our city churches have not a single man with calloused hands among their hundreds. Most of the churches have very few. I know of at least one church, and that down town, which has been for thirty years without any. The Carpenter of Nazareth himself has been shut out. There is in other so-called Christian churches a heathenish formality, with no marks of the Cross upon it except on the steeple and altar. I have seen a Chinese joss house on one side of the street and a Christian church on the other side of the street and witnessed the worship in both, and there was no distinction whatever—image and incense, and altar and ceremony precisely the same, and yet right by the side of these two heathen temples stood a Christian mission into which the poorest and the most sinful were flocking and being redeemed by the touch of the loving hand of Christ. I would not be blind to the facts. Through all this midnight gloom, I would not hold my hands

over my eyes and refuse to see the rays of morning light.

There are difficulties: there is materialism doing its poisoning work in Church and society; there is a realism in one line of the popular literature, and impurity in the next line, and serpentine marks of unbelief between the lines; there is a tendency to degrade much of the amusement of the world to the level of the pit of the abyss; there is unbounded poverty and even starvation in the very center of plenty; there is the herding of humankind like animals in fever-ridden and death-ruled quarters; there is anarchy seen in a thousand forms of lawlessness; there is selfishness supreme; there are crime and suffering unbounded; there are well-grounded charges against the Church of Jesus Christ. "The growth of wealth and of luxury, wicked, wasteful, and wanton, as before God I declare that luxury to be, has been matched step by step by a deepening and deadening poverty, which has left whole neighborhoods of people practically without hope and without aspiration. At such a time, for the Church of God to sit still and be content with theories of its duty outlawed by time, and long ago demonstrated to be gro-

tesquely inadequate to the demands of a living situation, this is to deserve the scorn of men and the curse of God. Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I and all those who have any gift or stewardship of talents, or means, of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfish dilettanteism of service, and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance—young girls for their chastity, young men for their better ideal of righteousness, old and young alike for one clear ray of the immortal courage and the immortal hope—then verily the Church in its stately splendor, its apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified convention, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence."

Yet notwithstanding all that has been said, that blood-bought Church is destined to triumph in these very centers of iniquity. The standard of the Cross shall never fall from the fortifications of Calvary. The spirit of God is upon the earth and he is not neglecting the city. His mighty power can answer the prayer of the faithful, "Thy kingdom come." The human would fail, miserably fail; the Divine cannot fail.

If Christ is on Golgotha, He will be alive in Joseph's garden. "He is risen!" sounds through the slums and the sin of the great city. I reveal all the enemies and in plain view of their astonishing number and mighty power I shout, "Hallelujah! hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." And then I shout to the Christian hosts, "Come on, come on; bring up the crimson banner!"

The irreligion of the city is not to conquer; the vices of the city will reach their limit, and I verily believe they are now reaching it. The social evils are many, but the counteracting forces are coming in. The selfishness and inhumanity of the commercial world are receiving death-dealing blows from pulpit and press and periodical. The unchristian and unjust principles in the world of capital and labor do not receive the applause they once did. The "Gold God" is worshiped, but the worshipers are not being worshiped in these last days as formerly. The stupendous evils and almost overwhelming abominations of the city are claiming the attention of Christian and patriot alike. But justice and humanity and Christianity—these three, but the greatest of these is Christianity—are

demanding the attention now of every lover of his fellow-man.

That was a sublime thing said by Henry Clay, while crossing the Allegheny mountains. He was waiting for the stage-horses to get rested, as he stood on a rock, with arms folded, looking off into the valley. Someone said to him, "Mr. Clay, what are you thinking about?" He replied, "I am listening to the on-coming tramp of the future generation of America."

I stand now with eyes toward the eastern sky, and from the mountain-tops of faith I listen for the on-coming tramp of the future Church of Christ. As hard as the fight may seem to be in these cities, it is sure to conquer. The archangel and all the hosts of heaven are its Blücher. The re-enforcements are coming. The glistening of their bayonets is flashing along the hills, and this Waterloo of the Church of God is won. "The morning breaketh," and the white horse and his Rider are waiting to lead on the triumphal march down the skies. I stood on the shores of Silver Lake and watched the storm forces drawing up in battle array along the western horizon. The artillery of heaven was rapidly stationed on the batteries of the hills.

The entire couch of the sun was covered with a drapery of midnight blackness, and the giant cloud form grumbled beneath his burdens of thunder and became wrathful with his thousand tongues of lightning. Every tree was bowing its head in fear, and the flowers and grass were falling into each other's arms for shelter. The winds sent out their messenger breezes to tell of the coming cyclone, and the rain sent out its messenger drops to tell of the breaking up of the fountains of heaven. Man and beast watched the robing of the brightest day in the black garments of the night. The watching leaped into anxiety and the anxiety bounded into fear as the feet of the cloud army touched the shore of the quiet lake, and their huge arms lashed the ripples into waves, and the waves into billows, and the billows into a raging sea of foaming madness. At last the enemy had completely surrounded the lake and captured its prisoner, and we saw it no more. In the merciful shelter we listened tremblingly to the tremendous roar of the furious thunder and hid our eyes from the lurid flashes of the lightning, until all the electric currents seemed to concentrate at one point in a most destructive,

shocking crash. How could there ever be quiet again? How could flowers ever live in such a storm? How could the birds cling to their tree-nests in such a moment? How could man ever feel safe again in such a world? But the larger hand had scarcely moved around the dial when angel hands flung out the banners of sapphire glory in the sky, and the birds sang in their glee, and the flowers delighted to throw out handfuls of fresh fragrance to every passer-by; the lake lay in the arms of the hills as peaceful as a babe on its mother's bosom; the single boat moved as two across its mirrowed smoothness; and at the shore of earth's Silver Lake we thought we sat in the Gardens of God at the shore of the Silver River. When the storms of sin and wrong have done their worst, at the close of day, earth will be changed into heaven, and that sunset will be the dawning of an Eternal Morning.

THE END.